

# THE NEWTONIA SENIOR ANNUAL



1914



~~Nina J. Wilcox~~

H. H. Lynn





NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

The Newtonia Senior Annual



VOLUME FOUR  
1914



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HOME OF NEWTONIA



MISS LUCY HALL

## Dedication

*In appreciation of  
OUR CRITICS*

*Who so loyally assist every enterprise in "Our  
Old High" and have by their encouragement  
and criticism enabled us to make this Annual  
a success, the NEWTONIA ANNUAL  
Board offers this volume.*



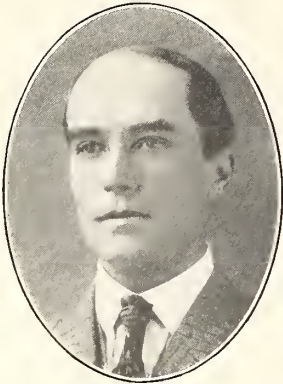
MISS BERTHA CAMPBELL



# GREETINGS

MPrice - it -

To our loyal supporters: Come with us for a few hours for a stroll through Newton High. Perhaps we may be able to give you a glimpse of the inside of school life. May we guide you through? Thank you. It will be a pleasure to show you points of interest along the way. Right this way, please.



W. H. JASPER



FRANK SELLMAN



H. B. ALLFREE. Pres.



LORY E. JOHNSTON



V. H. MORGAN

NEWTON'S BOARD OF EDUCATION





JANET LOYER ASST. JOKE EDITOR



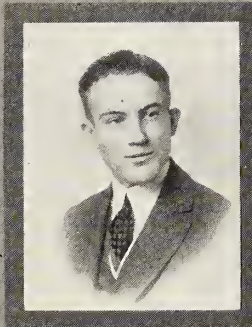
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BLANCHE MAYTAG EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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LAWRENCE HAMMERLY ALUMNI



MARVEL MILLER EXCHANGE



WILLIAM HALL ATHLETICS



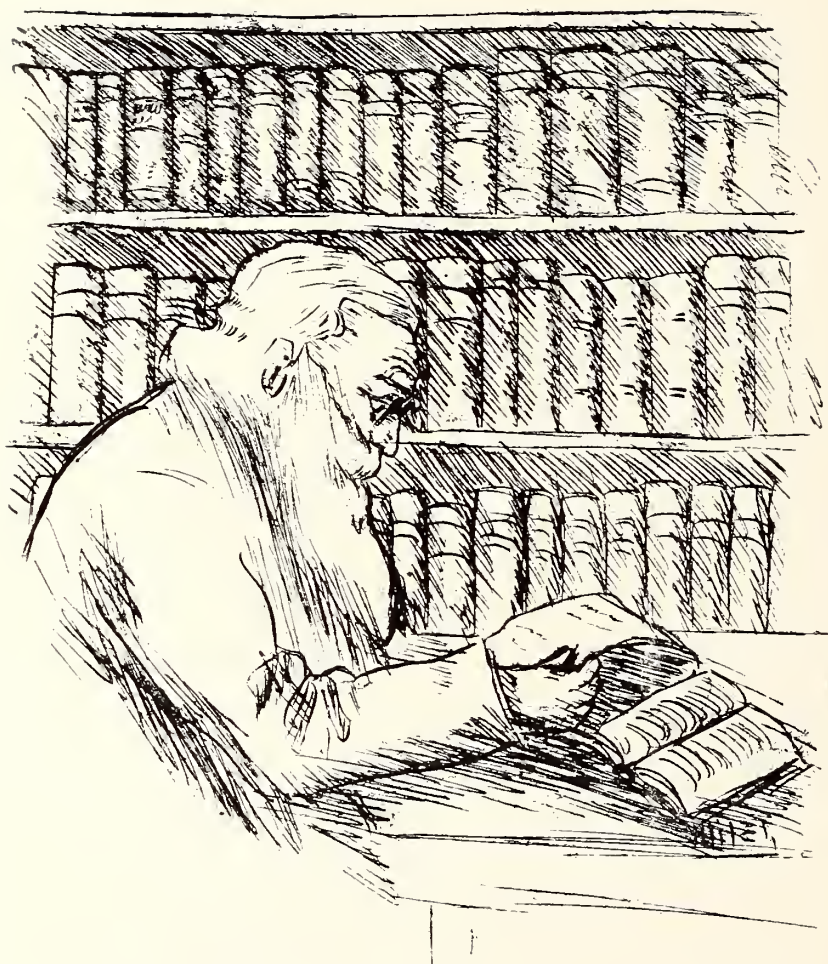
MIRIAM HINDORFF LITERARY EDITOR



JESSIE SELIMAN NEWS EDITOR



## *FACULTY*





SUPT. H. P. SMITH

B. A., State University of Iowa. Post-graduate work in Chicago University and Iowa State University. Member of Phi Beta Kappa and also of Phi Delta Kappa. Superintendent of Audubon Schools three years; Superintendent of Newton Schools two years.



Miss Lucy E. Hall, principal Ph. B., Drake. Post-graduate work at Chicago and Madison Universities.

Miss Hall began her duties as principal the year that the present Senior class entered as the Freshman class.

To the Freshman she looms up formidably as she leads him to a seat directly in front of the assembly room desk. To the wise Sophomore she is a monitor noting down misdeeds; to the Junior, always prepared for emergencies she seems the all-wise counsellor in matters of elections and reception committees. To the Senior about to leave the halls of learning she is the personified goddess of mercy and graciousness. To us all she is a friend and adviser.

Her work in Newton High has been very successful and with the help of the students who fill the ranks left vacant each year at commencement, her work will be increasingly successful and the ideals of Newton High raised to the to-morrow level.



**MISS VESTA BEARD**  
Chicago University  
Latin

**MISS LAURA N. KILLDUFF**  
Highland Park  
Normal



**MISS IDA J. McKEE**  
State Normal  
University Colorado  
University Wisconsin  
Algebra



**MR. O. J. BROWNING**

M. Accts., Austin College, Effingham, Ill.  
National Business College, Quincy, Ill.  
Commercial



**MISS CLARA BRODERICK**

B. A., State University  
English



**MR. C. H. STUDEBAKER**

B. S., Leander Clark College  
History and Athletics





**MISS SADIE FURNISS**

E. A., Coe College  
English



**MISS ABBIE WESTERN**

M. Di., Iowa State Teachers' College  
A. B., University Nebraska  
Mathematics and Science



**MISS ZOE FRAZIER**

B. S.; M. S.; Iowa State University  
Science and Mathematics



**MISS BUELAH SHIPLEY**

B. A., State University, Iowa City  
History and English



**MISS NINA O'MEALEY**

Oklahoma Institute Technology  
Commercial



**MISS CARRIE MILES**

Monmouth Illinois  
Drake Conservatory  
Northwestern University  
Supervisor of Music





**MISS BERTHA CAMPBELL**

A. B., Monmouth College  
Latin and English

**MISS ELIZABETH LAMB**

Thomas Normal Training School, Detroit  
Michigan  
Domestic Science and Art



**MR. E. S. BAIRD**

Iowa State College  
State University of Iowa  
Manual Training

## Our Faculty

Of all the people in the land,  
Whom we all love to see,  
There's one bunch most in our demand,  
Our dear, sweet faculty.

The first one we are sure to meet,  
When we enter in the fall,  
The one who gives us all a seat,  
Is our dear Miss Lusy Hall.

In this same room, we also find  
Another, very ample.  
Small of stature, great of mind,  
We know her as Miss Campbell.

Then, too, we have in number eight,  
Of whom you all have heard.  
She teaches students to translate,  
Known better as Miss Beard.

We also have Miss Broderick,  
She laughs most all the while,  
We cannot think of her too sick  
To wear that winning smile.

Then Browning, too, we must admit,  
Is the smartest of all men.  
For he's not slow, no, not a bit,  
You should see him wield a pen.

Miss Frazier, too, we wish to say,  
Has come to us this year.  
And in her class, she has a way  
That makes us work, yet fear.

Then, upstairs in number three,  
She teaches English to us,  
No one respects her more than we,  
Her name is Sadie Furniss.

Miss Killduff, too, we might remark,  
Is a very stately lass.  
If you get by her you're a shark,  
She won't take any sass.

We have another in room fourteen,  
She helps the Freshmen freely.  
She'd also help us, I ween.  
Her name is Miss O'Mealey.

Then upstairs in number five,  
Our dear friend Miss McKee.  
To keep her favor we all strive,  
Till we've passed that Algebra three.

Another of whom you've heard us talk,  
The one we call Miss Shipley.  
In coming up the eastside walk,  
She sometimes gets quite tippy.

There's Studebaker, too, you know,  
In all things he's right there.  
'Tis true we often wonder though,  
Where he lost all of his hair.

We also have Miss Western,  
A lady small but keen.  
If Physics problems you would learn,  
Go down to room sixteen.

A man we have, Baird is his name,  
We all think he's just grand.  
At present he is winning fame,  
With the Newton High School band.

Then there's Miss Lamb in room eighteen,  
She sure is charming looking.  
She isn't small, but tall and lean;  
She teaches fancy cooking.

Last but not least there's one we know  
By her pretty, dimpling smiles.  
She loves to have some music show,  
Her name is Carrie Miles.

Now, if these lines don't make you laugh,  
Now if these lines don't make you laugh,  
Their sense you cannot see.  
Just blame the members of the staff,  
Who forced this work on me.

C. E. R., '14



SUPERINTENDENT SMITH'S OFFICE



From *Harvard* - 19.

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# The Class of 1914

## Officers

ALBERT CHAPMAN,	-	-	President
JARED LOVERIDGE,	-	-	Vice-President
RUTH LAWRENCE,	-	-	Secretary

## Colors

Maroon and White

## Bell

*Hulla gazoo, gazee, gazore,  
Hulla gazoo, gazee, gazore,  
Nineteen fourteen  
Ever more!*

## Flower

Red Rose

## Motto

Honor is the Reward of Virtue



#### ALBERT CHAPMAN

"Chap."

Class President  
Football, '11, '12, '13  
Basketball, '12, '13, '14  
Clio  
'Merchant of Venice'  
Class Day Program

"He always was in a class of his own."

#### RUTH LAWRENCE

Class Secretary and Treasurer  
Salutatorian, Class Day Program  
Hamiltonian  
Basketball, '10, '11

"Keeping everlastingly at it always brings success."

#### JARED LOVERIDGE

Class Vice-President  
Track, '13  
Newtonia Staff, '12-'13; '13-'14  
"Snow-white"  
Hamiltonian  
Debating Society

"Some are, and must be greater than the rest. Be greater."



# **HENRY ISKE**

"Heine"

Newtonia Staff, '13-'14

Thalian

H. S. Band, H. S. Orchestra

"Snow-white"

Glee Club

"To try thy eloquence, now is the time."

# **DORIS PRESTON**

"Dorianne"

Euterpean

Glee Club, '11, '12, '13

Basketball, '12, '13, '14

"Tell me not in mournful accents

Our German is but a dream."

# **LUCILLE SCOTT**

"Tad"

Euterpean

"But when she spoke, then no one could compare with her."

# **KATHREEN AILLAUD**

"Banty"

Clio

Basketball, '11, '12, '13, '14

"Tall and stately and full of dignity was this maiden."

# **HIRAM SLOANAKER**

"Hymo"

Basketball, '14

Debating Society

Glee Club

"Snow-white"

Class Prophet

He was not right fat, but looked hollow thereto and soberly.

# **MARIE LIVINGSTON**

"Tony"

Hamiltonian

"She speaks and acts and behaves just like she ought."





**BLANCHE MAYTAG**

"Bertie"

Hamiltonian  
 Newtonia Staff, '12-'13; '13-'14  
 Glee Club, '13-'14  
 "Snow-white"  
 Senior Double Quartet  
 "I like my own way and I find it so nice."

**LELAND MORRISON**

"Shorty"

Euterpean  
 Basketball, '13  
 Football, '13  
 "Snow-white"  
 "A mind to me an empire is."

**CLARENCE BROADSTON**

"Sid"

Debating Club  
 Triangular Debate, '14  
 Thalian  
 Newtonia Staff, '13-'14  
 "Nowhere so busy a man as he was there;  
 nor so pre-occupied."

**FRANCIS RARIDON**

"Fran"

Euterpean  
 Glee Club, '11, '12, '13, '14  
 "Crowning of Gypsie Queen"  
 "Mr. Bob"  
 "Snow-white"  
 Newtonia Staff, '11-'12; '12-'13  
 Basketball, '11  
 Senior Double Quartet  
 "A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

**GRACE DOANE**

"Gracie"

Thalian  
 "Along the cool, sequestered vales of life  
 she keeps the noiseless tenor of her way."

**ELSIE HAMMER**

"Hammer"

Thalian  
 "At times she would move the gods them-  
 selves to laughter."



**EDWARD PHILIPS**

"Eddie"

Euterpean

"You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage."

**WILMA DAVIS**

"Willie"

Clio

Glee Club, '11-'14

Snow-white"

Senior Double Quartet

"Blest with plain reason and a jolly laugh."

**MILLE COXE**

"Bill"

Clio

Basketball, '12, '13, '14

Glee Club, '12, '13, '14

"So light a foot and good a heart go well together."

**ARTHUR DEUTSCH**

"Artie"

Thalian

"Men of few words are the best men."

**LILLIAN NELSON**

"Lil"

Euterpean

"A kind and gentle mien had she."

**GABRIELLE GRIEBELING**

"Griebie"

Thalian

"There is a gift beyond the reach of art—the gift of being eloquently silent."



**GEORGIA KNAPP**

"Nap"

Hamiltonian

Newtonia Staff, '12-'13

"Crowning of the Gypsy Queen"

"Merchant of Venice"

"I like my own way and I find it so nice."

**THEONA MILLER**

"Theo"

Hamiltonian

Class Day Program

"So good she'd pour rose water on a toad."

**FAYE DEAL**

"Fuzzy"

Basketball, '12

Clio

Class Day Program

"I will not budge for anyone."

**CECIL COMPTON**

"Comp"

Clio

Band

"He will do her good, not evil, all the days of her life."

**LEE KINYON**

"Hungry"

Hamiltonian

Football, '10, '11, '12, '13

Basketball, '11, '12, '13, '14

Track, '12, '13, '14

Baseball, '11

Newtonia Staff, '12-'13

Response at Alumni Banquet

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder of the other man."

**EDITH BOOTON**

"Boots"

Clio

Winner in Story Contest

"Her thoughts fly up; her thoughts remain below."





**MALCOLM PRICE**

"Price"

Debating Society  
 Triangular Debate  
 Newtonia Staff, '09-'10; '13-'14  
 "Crowning of Gypsie Queen"  
 Class Valedictorian

"Curteis was he, lowly and servysable."

**MILDRED RAYMOND**

"Mill"

Euterpean  
 "She will do him good, not evil, all the days  
 of his life."

**BERNICE TREASE**

"Trix"

Euterpean  
 Class Historian  
 "I wrote some lines once on a time  
 In a wondrous springy mood  
 And tho't as usual men would say  
 They were exceeding good."

**RUTH HALL**

"Ruthie"

Thalian  
 Class Day Program  
 "Modest and meek and gentle as a lamb."

**MERLE HAMMER**

"Betty"

Glee Club, '09, '10, '13, '14  
 "Snow-white"  
 Thalian  
 "Truth needs no color; beauty no pencil."

**ROY HICKMAN**

"Hickey"

Thalian  
 "He hath a lean and hungry look."



**KATHERINE DAVIS**

"Kady"

Basketball, '11, '12, '13

Clio

Class Day Program

Newtonia Staff, '12, '13

"Merchant of Venice"

"Her friends are many, her enemies few,  
Kady, you're a captain—so here's to you."

**REX SHEELER**

"Shi"

Football, '11, '12, '13

Basketball, '11-'12; '12-'13; '13-'14

Newtonia Staff, '11-'12; '12-'13

Euterpean

"Cheer up, there are moments when the  
petty slights are harder to bear than a serious  
injury."

**IRENE RITTER**

"Rit"

Euterpean

Operetta, '11

Class Day Program

"Virtue, modesty and truth are her guar-  
dians."

**MARGUERITE CARL**

"Grete"

Clio

"Snow-white"

Glee Club, '13-'14

Senior Double Quartet

"Du bist wie eine Blume."

**JOHN BROADSTON**

"Jenni"

Triangular Debate, '14

Debating Society

"His arched brow pulled o'er his eyes with  
solemn proof proclaims him wise."

**MINNIE GERTSMA**

"Min"

Thalian

Japanese Drill

"A friendly heart with many friends."



# **CARROLL ROBERTS**

"Curley"

Football, '12, '13  
Basketball, '13, '14  
Track, '13  
Newtonia Staff, '12, '13  
Glee Club  
"Snow-white"  
Euterpean

"Dandies, when first-rate ones, are sometimes very agreeable."

# **VERA HATFIELD**

"Hatty"

Thalian  
High School Orchestra  
High School Pianist  
Glee Club  
Commencement Program

"Brevity is the soul of wit, and music the soul of art."

# **LA NORE EARLEY**

"Earley"

Thalian  
"Snow-white"  
Japanese Drill  
Senior Double Quartet  
"She hath a social spirit."

# **MILLARD OLIVER**

"Millie"

Debating Society  
Glee Club  
"Snow-white"

"And of his part, as meke as is a mayde."

# **HAROLD RAYBURN**

"Rayburn"

Debating Society  
Glee Club  
"Snow-white"

"Few men are so clever as to know all the mischief they do."

# **CELIA ALBEE**

"Jimmy"

Clio  
"Those of few words are the best."





**RUTH McCARDELL**

"Ruffie"

Hamiltonian  
Class Day Program  
High School Pianist  
"I was meant for an angel."

**WILLIAM HALL**

"Bill"

Football, '11, '12, '13  
Track, '13, '14  
"Snow-white"  
Newtonia Staff, '13, '14  
"Merchant of Venice"  
Glee Club  
Debating Society  
Class Poet  
"One of the 'Gold Dust Twins.' "

**MARJORIE HOUGH**

"Huffie"

Thalian  
Glee Club, '11, '12  
"Snow-white"  
Class Day Program  
"Immer frohlich ist sie."

**FLORENCE GIBFORD**

"Shorty"

Glee Club, '13  
Thalian  
"Many words do not make wisdom."

**GLENN KENNEDY**

"Pokey"

Hamiltonian  
Football, '13  
Track, '12, '13  
"Snow-white"  
"See if your wise head can tell you what  
you're good for."

**FAITH WINGER**

"Old Faithful"

Euterpean  
Glee Club, '12, '13, '14  
"Snow-white"  
Senior Double Quartet  
"The moon presents a beautiful view when  
she is seen by only two."





**FRANCIS KELLY**

"Kelly"

Football, '12, '13

Hamiltonian

"Snow-white"

"Haste is of the devil."

**EVA BOOTON**

"Boots"

Clio

Glee Club

Senior Double Quartet

Winner in Story Contest

"Her words fly up, her thoughts remain below."

**MABEL EATON**

"May"

Thalian

High School Orchestra

Class Day Program

"She is not quite so meek as she looks."

**CARL VAN STEENBERGEN**

"Van"

Debating Society

Triangular Debate

"Stidious and steady in a good reliable way."

**MURIEL GOWIN**

"Gownie"

Thalian

Basketball, '11, '12, '13

Glee Club, '11

"A small tornado coming fast."

**EMMA NELSON**

"Nel"

Thalian

Assistant in Office

"Of sweet and gentle grace and unassuming mien."



**ILA BALDWIN**

"Sammy"

Clio

"She is keen and shrewd and altogether companionable."

**VERNON CONN**

"B nty"

Clio

"Worship your heroes from afar, contact withers them."

**EMMA SMITH**

"Emy"

Glee Club, '12

Euterpean

"None knew her but to love her."

**RUTH McLAUGHLIN**

"Rufie"

Hamiltonian

Glee Club, '11, '12, '13

"Crowning of Gypsy Queen"

"Never troubles trouble till trouble troubles her."

**GLENN JACKSON**

"Stonewall"

Debating Society

Triangular Debate

"He has occasional flashes of silence during which his conversation is perfectly delightful."

**ELSIE LASKEWITZ**

"Peggy"

Hamiltonian

Glee Club, '10

"I remember a mass of things, but none distinctly."





**ROY TROUT**

"Catfish"

Euterpean  
The other "Gold Dust Twin."

**BONNIE BRYANT**

"Bon"

Basketball, '11, '12, '13, '14  
Clio

Glee Club '11, '12, '13, '14  
"Snow-white"

Senior Double Quartet

"Oft in the summer evening studied she the stars."

**MAURINE BALDWIN**

"Baldy"

Clio  
High School Orchestra

"And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."

**LOYL ALLFREE**

"Dad"

Clio

"A man who blushes is not half a brute."

**ESTHER LONG**

"Pete"

Hamiltonian  
Glee Club, '12, '13, '14  
"Snow-white"

Class Day Program

"Charmed by the foolish whistle of a man."

**BERTHA JOHNSON**

"Berta"

Hamiltonian

"Yes, tho' I'm quite a model now, I was not always so."

# Dictionary of Synonyms

<b>M</b> ary any arvelous	<b>K</b> atherine ountry ontrary	<b>A</b> llaud dmirers ttractive	<b>B</b> ulala osses egins	<b>F</b> aye ather's ashionable	<b>D</b> eal ollars ressing	
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THE ASSEMBLY ROOM





THE LABORATORY



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# The Class of 1915

## Officers

HOMER DENNISTON, - - - President  
CLARENCE GRIEBELING, - Vice-President  
ISOBEL MILES, - - - Secretary

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## Colors

Purple and White

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## Bell

*Glee! Gli! Grade! Grac!*

*Ki! Yip! Pi! Ki! Yi!*

*V I C T O R Y.*

*Are we in it,*

*Well, I guess;*

*1915, N. H. S.*

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## Flower

White Rose

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## Motto

Deeds Not Words



## Junior Class Roll

Ruth Allfree  
Myrtle Alling  
Gertrude Bergman  
Ralph Bergman  
Charity Brom  
Boyd Brown  
Milton Burnell  
Walter Callison  
Vera Clymer  
Homer Denniston  
Mabel Donahey  
Francis Drake  
Vera Dunmire  
Katherine Failor  
Harold Fleck  
Maude French  
Harry Greenlief  
Clarence Griebeling  
Roy Guessford  
Frank Guthrie  
Lawrence Hammerly  
Miriam Hindorff  
Dale Jackson  
Ernest Jones  
Hollis Joy  
Naomi Kelly  
Richard Kennedy  
Lowell Leake

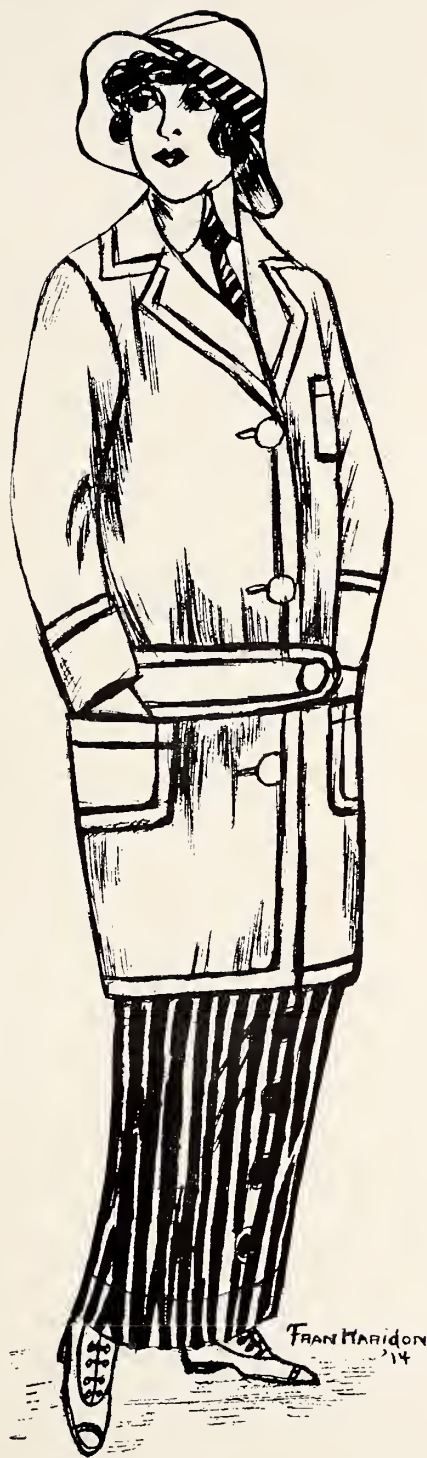
Mabel Longfellow  
Ralph Lusk  
Isobel Miles  
Marvel Miller  
Vera Mateer  
Pearl Mateer  
Willis Miner ✓  
Louise Morrison  
Gladys Neel  
George Nelson  
Elva Nolin ✓  
William Reese  
Adra Rogers  
Jennie Scoville  
Jessie Sellman  
Arthur Shepherd  
Lelia Stewart  
Elizabeth Thompson  
Ruth Townsend  
Martha Weeks  
Elise Wehrman .  
Alice Whittaker  
Nina Wilcox  
Gladys Wilson ✓  
Mildred Wilson  
Howard Witmer  
Robert Woodrow  
George Wormley



JUNIOR CLASS

## The Juniors' Comic Section

Mrs. Newly Wed—Ruth Allfree  
Mr. Newly Wed—Ralph Bergman  
Belinda (the beautiful boiler-maker)—Charity Brom  
Hair-breadth Harry—Walter Callison  
Relentless Rudolph—Harold Fleck  
Fatty Felix—Boyd Brown  
Happy Hooligan—Milton Burnell  
Gloomy Gus—Howard Witmer  
Suzanne—Marvel Miller  
Everett True—Ernest Jones  
Mrs. True—Gertrude Bergman  
True Triplets—Elise Wehrman, Alice Whittaker, Gladys Wilson  
Mama's Angel Child—Maude French  
Angel Child's School Ma'am—Isobel Miles  
Angel Child's Grandmother (Mrs. Mint)—Lelia Stuart  
Mrs. Katzenjammer—Adra Rogers  
Hans Katzenjammer—Clarence Griebeling  
Fritz Katzenjammer—Hollis Joy  
Flip—Willis Miner  
The Princess—Mabel Donahey  
Molly Coodles—Vera Clymer  
Mrs. Rummage—Vera Dunnire  
Mrs. George—Katherine Failor  
Mrs. George's Mother (Mammer)—Jennie Scoville  
Clara (Genial Jean's friend)—Jessie Sellman  
Dotty Dimple—Miriam Hindorff  
Doc Yak—Harry Greenlief  
Polly Perkins—Gladys Neel  
Mrs. Perkins—Ruth Townsend  
Beatrice—Mildred Wilson  
Aunt Emmy—Martha Weeks  
Yneve—Myrtle Alling  
Mrs. Rum Rum—Mabel Longfellow  
Mrs. Si Slockum—Nina Wilcox  
Mein Durlink Lena—Naomi Kelley  
Skygak—Richard Kennedy  
Adolph—Frank Guthrie  
Oscar—Arthur Shepherd  
Brer Bear—George Wormley  
Brer Wolf—Robert Woodrow  
Percy (my mechanism man)—Ralph Lusk  
Spareribs—Lowell Leake  
Gravy—William Reese  
Motorcycle Mike—George Nelson  
Mary Jane—Louise Morrison  
Mrs. Brown (Buster's mother)—Elva Nolin  
Nora (the Irish maid)—Elizabeth Thompson  
Mrs. Thompson—Frances Drake  
Hank the Hermit—Lawrence Hammerly  
Pinky—Dale Jackson  
Jens (the janitor)—Roy Guessford  
The Brutus Sisters—Pearl Mateer, Vera Mateer  
Great Caesar's Ghost—Homer Denniston



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SOPHOMORE CLASS

# Sophomore Class Roll

Harold Aillaud  
Leona Albee  
Helen Bergman  
Grace Bishop  
Alice Broadston  
Esther Brown  
Hugh Byers  
Edwin Carpenter  
Riley Chase  
Wallie Dennis  
Willie De Reus  
Ruth Drake  
Bayard Duer  
Joy Eastman  
Henry Efnor  
Vera Ellis  
Fred Forker  
Florence Fugard  
Louise Furniss  
Herbert Galusha  
Ralph Gardner  
Nellie Hagedorn  
Eva Hall  
Grace Hanson  
Royce Harp  
Fred Hart  
Jack Harvey  
Mabel Held  
Verda Hinshaw  
Dalcy Holdsworth  
Blanch Holmes  
Irene Jasper  
George Kelly  
Eathel Kinyon  
Florence Kirk  
Thelma Klein  
Leonard Kling  
Ruth Largent

Walter Lister  
Janet Loyer  
Arthur Lusk  
Fred Mains  
Gertrude McKeever  
Helen McQuiston  
Florence Meyer  
Helen Munson  
Kenneth Myers  
Torrence Naylor  
Irene Nelson  
Kathryn O'Roake  
Florence Orns  
Glen Paschal  
Burton Paul  
William Perdw  
Robert Pickens  
Florence Propp  
Zella Rayl  
Guy Rinehart  
Fred Ritter  
Everett Sabin  
Mildred Scott  
Jean Sellman  
Leora Sills  
Zoa Skinner  
Charlotte Spencer  
Hazel Spencer  
Grace Stewart  
Laura Trotter  
Lura Turck  
George Vance  
Rudolph Van Wyngarden  
Hazel Wagley  
Valeria Weeks  
Lela Wirt  
Irene Witmer  
Leola Young

# Sophomore Party Menu

## Relishes

Pickles (sour)—Arthur Lusk  
Pickles (sweet)—Charlotte Spencer  
Pickles (dill)—Zella Rayl  
Celery—Jack Harvey

## Soups

Noodle—Fred Mains  
Bean—Florence Meyer  
Oxtail—Ralph Gardner  
Tomato—Torrence Naylor

## Fish

Shrimp—Lela Wirt  
Lobster—Irene Nelson  
Clam—Charles Van Baran  
Cat—Mildred Scott  
Whale—Ruth Drake

## Meats

Veal—Kenneth Myers  
Pork—Leonard Kling  
Mutt(on)—Burton Paul  
Spareribs—Fred Forker  
Grace Bishop  
Spring Chickens—Walter Lister  
Louise Furniss  
Goose—Valeria Weeks  
Hash—Guy Rinehart  
Tongue—Hazel Wagley

## Vegetables

Greens—Royce Harp  
Lora Sills  
Pumpkin—Edwin Carpenter  
Beets (dead)—Zoa Skinner  
George Kelly  
Cabbage—Laura Trotter

## Potatoes

Sweet—Florence Orns  
Irish—Katherine O'Roake  
Mashed—Helen Bergman  
Bayard Duer  
Baked—Willie De Reus

### Salads

Combination—Fred Hart  
Nut(ty)—Florence Propp  
Tango Sandwich (a chicken)—Ruth Largent  
(Too much mustard—Hugh Byers)

### Deserts

Devils Food Cake—Henry Efnor  
Angel Food Cake—George Vance  
Rice Pudding—Gertrude McKeever  
Assorted Pie—Eathel Kinyon  
Fred Ritter  
Vinegar Pie—Eva Hall  
Apple Dumplings—Thelma Klein

### Fruits

Pears—Irene Witmer, William Perdew  
Vera Ellis, Glenn Paschal  
Janet Loyer, Wallie Dennis  
Irene Jasper, Rudolph Van Wynn-  
garden  
Peaches—Helen Munson, Grace Hansen  
Grace Stewart, Florence Kirk  
Florence Fugard, Alice Broadston  
Leona Albee, Esther Brown  
Bessie Scoville  
Prunes—Clarence Baldwin, Everett Sabin

### Sweets

Taffy—Harold Aillaud  
Molasses Kisses—Dalcy Holdsworth  
Stick—Joy Eastman  
Bon Bons—Riley Chase

### Drinks

Milk—Dedicated to the would-be Sophomore  
(Freshie) Infant's Club  
Punch—Verda Hinshaw  
Pop—Nellie Hagedorn  
Root beer—Mable Held

### Nuts

Leola Young, Hazel Spencer, Blanch Holmes  
Nut pick—Bob (Pick)ens



## In Memory Of



CHARLES L. O. ROGERS

The following resolutions were adopted by the High School shortly after the death of Charles Rogers on December 24, 1913:

We, the students and teachers of the Newton High School, desire to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Allie Rogers and family in the loss of their dear son and brother.

To many of our number, a personal friend has been taken and his absence from our midst is deeply felt by all.

His clean life, his cheerful manner, his good influence and his christian courage found response in the hearts of his comrades, and his memory will ever linger with us.

He's just away.

I cannot say, and I will not say,  
That he is dead—he's just away.  
With a cheery smile and a wave of his  
hand,

He has wandered into an unknown land,  
And leaves us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you, oh, you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return,  
Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here.  
Think of him still the same, I say—  
He is not dead—he's just away.

—James W. Riley.

# FOR MEN



# Freshman Class Roll

Effie Alling  
Nina Ashley  
Merritt Atwood  
Murray Bair  
Roy Baty  
Ruth Bergman  
Ola Brown  
Ivan Bridges  
Orville Bunker  
Florence Cooper  
Renah Cox  
Dorothy Croy  
Dorothy Dodge  
Hazel Dolph  
Ray Donahey  
Mac Edge  
Edith Efnor  
Lloyd Engle  
Samuel Fleming  
Mozelle Foreman  
Violet Guthrie  
William Hale  
Gladys Hammer  
Donald Hammerly  
John Hans  
Elvin Hart  
Robert Harvey  
Reuel Jackson  
Benjamin Jones, Jr  
Ona Kating  
Barbara Kennedy  
Myrtle Keener  
Creath King  
Hazel Kirk  
Katherine Koehl  
Clifford Lavender  
Leslie Leake  
Percy Lufkin  
William Marshall  
Inez McAllister  
Celeste Merritt  
Estes Meyer

Mabel Meyer  
Frost Morris  
William Morris  
Edward Phillips  
Willard Rayburn  
Glenn Ryan  
Geraldine Shankland  
Grace Shelley  
Hazel Shrull  
Ruth Sitler  
Lloyd Snooks  
Laura Stanton  
Elmer Starrett  
Amber Swihart  
Rodney Thompson  
Winnie Walker  
Elnora Wehrman  
Frances Yarham  
William Galbreath  
Lillian Atwood  
Addah Barngrover  
Nada Bickell  
Esther Deutsch  
Orrin Garretson  
Aziel Gharrett  
Mabel Green  
Grace Greenlief  
Irene Hise  
Verne Jones  
Merrill Knight  
Vena McCoy  
Eva McDannel  
Glenn McVay  
Fred Meyer  
Charles Morrison  
Leo O'Roake  
Helen Orwick  
Florence Sears  
Hazel Stewart  
Myra Thomas  
Edward Thompson  
Erma Meredith





FRESHMAN CLASS



# FRESHMEN

<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Characteristic</i>	<i>Aspiration</i>
Ray Donahey	Downie	"Oh Heck"	Working To be a Manual Training teacher
Vena McCoy	Beans	"Oh Joy"	Audacious To get a beau
Lillian Atwood	Lilly Bell	"That gets my goat"	Sporty To be nice
Mac Edge	Micky	"Ye--es"	Quickwitted To be taller
Lloyd Engle	Heavy	"Gosh, yes"	Coquettish To beat Aziel's time
Esther Deutsch	Bob	"Oh Heck"	Fiercy To rule her brother
Samuel Fleming	Dog-house Fleming	"Shucks"	Frailness To learn something
Grace Greenleaf	Greenie	"I got you"	Modest To win fame
Irene Hise	Micky	"My Land"	Shy To be a circus performer
William Hale	Billie	"And then"	Restless To get a hair cut
Eva McDannel	Eve	"I'm with you"	Pensive To flirt
Donald Hammerly	Don	"Good gracious"	Making faces To talk to girls
Hazel Stewart	Bird	"Well of all things"	Sweet To be a horse trainer
John Hans	Johnny	"Well"	Cutting-up To use his feet
Nina Ashley	Tiny	"If that don't beat you"	Diplomatic To be a telephone girl
Aziel Gharrett	Tubby	"We should worry"	Visiting in the suburbs To make a football team
Dorothy Dodge	Dodger	"Gosh"	Smiley To look solemn
Mozelle Foreman	Moses	"Shucks"	Obstinate To be an elocutionist
Laura Stanton	Gravy	"Get there Eli"	Jolly To be well posted
Merritt Atwood	Sleepy	"I would like to"	Wise To be a carpenter
Murray Bair	Cub	"I should worry"	Solemn To be taller
Ruth Bergman	Rufus	"Gee Whilligers"	Calm To own a candy kitchen
Florence Cooper	Florentina	"Great Scotts"	Cheerful To go to college
Roy Baty	Puppy	"How do you do?"	Courteous To make a hit
Elnora Wehrman	Tilly	"Why girl"	Happy-go-lucky To learn to worry
Ivan Bridges	Iv	"I should think so"	Steady To roller skate
Mabel Meyer	Babe	"Why"	Dreamy To do absolutely nothing
Ona Kating	Katy	"Land"	Self-reliant To make her way
Orville Bunker	Orr	"Help"	Lively To teach school
Edward Thompson	Irish	"You're crazy"	Very foolish To be a preacher
Inez McAllister	Imy	"Oh Heck"	Steady To look saucy
Celeste Merritt	Lest	"I should worry"	Agreeable To be good—not great
Geraldine Shankland-Joe		"I'll be jigged"	Restless To always be with Mabel
Charles Morrison	Spot	"How do I know"	Idleness To be loved
Fred Myers	Fritz	"Knight he—"	Talking To be a farmer
Barbara Chase	Bibs	"Taisez Vous"	Optomistic To overcome her nervousness
Nada Bickell	Pickle	"I'll die"	The same To look important
Vern Jones	Sleepy	"I'd like to—"	Wise To make a hit with Helen B.
Leo O'Roake	Blondy	"Shucks"	Awkward To make a hit with the girls
Amber Swihart	Toots	"You little it"	Unpretentious To make yards and yards of tatting

*Nickname Favorite Expression Characteristic*

*Aspiration*

Myrtle Keener	Keen Cutter	"Gracious"	Talkative	To be first
Glenn McVay	Micky	"Gosh"	Silent	To grow taller
Merrill Knight	Swede	"Great Scott"	Cute	To run the auto
Renah Cox	Weanie	"Oh My"	Studious	To be a principal
William Morris	Bill	"Honest to Goodness"	Work	To work
Effie Alling	F. E.	"Goodness"	Innocent	To be more blond
Barbara Kennedy	Bob	"Oh heck"	Solemn	To be game
Edward Phillips	Eddie	"Wowie"	Fiery	To be a big man
William Rayburn	Wiggy	"Surely not"	Brightness	To be a lawyer
Hazel Dolph	Doll	"My gracious"	Warm-hearted	To teach school
Ola Brown	Cob	"Believe me"	Wise	To be perfect
Glenn Ryan	Glenny	"Great Cæsar"	Real bright	To teach music
Mabel Greene	Belle	"Great Cæsar"	Steady	To look down on all people
Katherine Koehl	Katy	"Honest to goodness"	Frail	To allay the heathen's pains
Lloyd Snooks	Snookums	"Da Da"	Smooth	To play shinney
Elmer Starrett	Slippery	"Jiminy"	Swell dresser	To wear smaller shoes
Orin Garretson	Ornery	"Isch ga bibble"	To get up early	To play in the band
Dorothy Croy	Dode	"That beats me"	Even tempered	To look distinguished
Hazel Kirk	None	"Well, isn't that great"	Dignified	To learn
Frances Yarham	Frances	"Darn it"	Generous	To be taller
Leslie Leake	Lese	"I should say so"	Jovial	None
Myra Thomas	Bunch	"O! Kid"	Coquettish	To have a good time and wear fine clothes
Ada Barngrover	Addie	"For cat's sake"	Moody	To be a suffragette leader
Percy Lufkin	Buck	"Heck"	Hunting	To be a druggist
Florence Sears	Flossie	"Oh, mercy"	Lively	To talk much and say little
Frost Morris	Frisk	"For law,s sake"	Gentle	To teach music
Hazel Shrull	Shrimp	"Good glory"	Courteous	To teach school
William Marshall	Buffalo	"Yeow"	Very active	To get good grades
Creath King	Creath	"Judas Priest"	Quick-witted	To be an actress
Ruth Sitler	Dutch	"I guess so"	Stern	To be a good cook for some one
Helen Orwick	Wick	"Glory be"	Unassuming	To be a Sunday school teacher
Estes Myers	Myersie	"Good glory"	Chasing across the rostrum	To have long hair
Thelma Antle	Ant	"Sugar"	Sunny	None
Gladys Hammer	Peggy	"Oh, Gee"	Tactful	To learn all things
Elvin Hart	None	"Believe me"	Stamping	To get an objection
Violet Guthrie	Guthrie	"Oh, shoot"	Coquettish	To be busy
Robert Harvey	Bobbie	"Hullo"	Sleeping	To be famous
Grace Shelley	Peggy		Good natured	To be a mathematician
Ruel Jackson	Jackie	"It gets me"	Keeping quiet	To live in Newton
Edith Efnor	Dod	"I should worry"	Reserved	To write good themes
Benjamin Jones	Benny	"Oh, nuts"	Studying	To sing in the Glee Club
Winnie Walker	Vi	"Good Gracious"	Industrious	To be a trained nurse
Glifford Lavender	Jersey	"Ho-ho"	Gentle	To forget how to milk
Erma Meredith	Erm	"I declare"	Loud	To be quiet







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# A Wellesly Romance

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blessed be he that spares these stones,  
But cursed be that moves my bones."

Peggy Malore, her elbows buried deep in the soft fur on either side of a huge lion's head and her chin resting on her chubby brown fists, found idle occupation in droning the solemn and vindictive rhyme which the great Shakespeare had written for his tombstone.

It was not without a hint of fun and mischief, however. Peggy Malore possessed a pair of mischievous black eyes which sparkled with humor and betrayed every attempt at seriousness. As they roved from one to another of the occupants of the room, they seemed to fairly beam over with mirth. She had some effort to maintain the dismal tone in her voice. Little wonder! A bunch of girls were lounging about the room, some on the divans and others stretched on rugs around the fireplace. The cause of this unusual state of affairs was common knowledge to all the occupants of the M. V. V. club rooms, but only Peggy Malore knew the remedy. This she chose to keep to herself a while, it seemed, and to indulge in the luxury of watching their discomfiture.

Her elation was soon interrupted, however. The "reading" from Shakespeare failed to appeal and on attempt to repeat it, was cut short by a storm of pillows and books and a chorus of angry and disgusted protests.

"Peggy Malore! you're hopeless!" came from Helen McDonald, a tall, slender individual who sat watching her with disapproving eyes. "Here our club is on the verge of destruction and—you're lying there contentedly as if nothing had happened at all. Oh! How can you?" And with a disgusted shrug of her shoulders she turned from the tormentor.

Peggy, undaunted by these words, resumed her croning. Suddenly jumping to her feet she exclaimed in hurried tones—

"Girls, why don't you do something instead of looking daggers at me? Oh, yes, I know, of course I do, that we've lost our president. But why not a new one?

Listen! I've known this all day but just kept it to myself 'cause I wanted to see just how 'sprised you could be. Billy Maxwell is going to become a member of this, our club, and—"

But cries of "Honest, really," "Oh, Peggy," and whatnots cut her short and she was soon surrounded by four surprised and elated club members.

"Here's how it worked" continued Peggy. "I was determined that Billy should be a M. V. V. member, so I found out we'd spoiled her, being too anxious for her to join. Well, I told Vivian Seward the other day that we didn't care whether she joined or not, and of course she told Billy, as I intended she should (this with a contented chuckle) and Billy, as mad as a hornet, shouted: 'I will join the club this very night.' I heard her. I was a hidin' behind the Japanese screen in Vivian's room; and oh, how mad was our dear Billy! She stamped her feet just so," and Peggy, demonstrating the "terrible" anger of Billy, brought her foot down with such a force that a vase of roses near her went crashing to the floor.

"There," exclaimed Nadine Thore, a pretty little black-eyed minx, trying to make right the catastrophe, "you're always turning something upside down." But she patted her lovingly on the cheek as the untroubled Peggy talked on.

"This is the night for our most important meeting and I'm going to send Billy here in a hurry, so I guess you can cheer up now."

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## PART II

The M. V. V. club rooms were ablaze with light and filled with the merry chatter and song of the M. V. V. club girls. It was the night of the inauguration of Billy Maxwell as president and an event of moment to the six girls assembled there.

Billy Maxwell was without question the most popular girl at Wellesly. To have her name stand at the head of the club meant that it would assume a more coveted place among the "frats" at the college and in the social life generally. Aside from that, Billy was a jewel to have

in a bunch. She was original and very entertaining and although somewhat "spoiled" by a fond, indulgent and wealthy father, was a good chum.

Billy herself seemed to be enjoying the situation immensely. She did not mind being president of the M. V. V. club. Its members were select and from some of the wealthiest families represented at the college and their invitations to social functions often included a certain Mr. Jack Evermonde, who among all the boys of her acquaintance held highest place in Billy's estimation.

This last reason and the one Peggy Malore had hit upon were the chief causes for Billy's willingness to join the club and a little later her consent to be president.

The time for the ceremony of inauguration had arrived. The scene at the club rooms had changed as truly as had also the very atmosphere of the place. Instead of the beautifully-gowned young ladies who had sung, played, danced and chatted some time before, there was in their place, six white-robed, sandal-clad, torch-bearing maidens, looking precisely as though they had stepped out from the scarred walls of an ancient temple into their present quarters. Their hair, parted in the center, fell freely over their shoulders, and the countenance of each one gave evidence of earnestness of manner and definiteness of purpose.

Billy was seated upon a chair throne, dressed in the same costume as the others. She was quite pale and a close observer might have noticed that the hand which held the torch trembled slightly now and then. Billy had never taken into serious consideration before the oath which she must needs take as member and president of the M. V. V. club. The social side had been the only consideration which had occupied her mind but now that she was about to make solemn promise to certain requirements of the club, it seemed to make her more serious.

When everything was in readiness the six M. V. V. members gathered in a semicircle about the chair occupied by the president-to-be, lighted torches in hand. A signal was given and the gas lights were turned out, leaving the seven flaring torches unaided in the mission of lighting the room.

The ceremony of inauguration was about to begin when suddenly the telephone, which occupied a tiny booth near

where the group had gathered, rang loudly. Peggy Malore, with a cry of vexation dropped out of the semicircle and stepped over to answer its summons.

It was only the confectioner from whom they had ordered their dainties and sweetmeats for the evening's refreshments and who wanted to make sure about a certain order. Peggy was nervous and the call of the phone at such a time annoyed her. She answered rather sharply and in her haste banged down the receiver, unaware of the fact as she returned to her place, that it dangled midway between the phone and the floor instead of hanging on the hook as it should. Even the booth door was left swinging open, nothing unusual for Peggy Malore, however.

The ceremony proceeded and Billy Maxwell in solemn and distinct tones repeated after the manner of the club, the oath of membership. This consisted in a promise of fidelity to the club and its work for the two years immediately following graduation.

This fidelity obliged among other requirements, that marriage be refrained from in that length of time and that outside of church duties those of the club should rank highest in attention.

Other ceremonies followed in which Billy, now the authorized head of the society, took the leadership. She filled her position with a dignity and grace of manner which pleased and delighted the girls and brought her a host of compliments. After the ceremony was ended and the festivities of the evening resumed, Billy became more and more interested as the work of the two years was enthusiastically discussed and she found herself actually taking her vow seriously. Before the party broke up that evening she had resolutely determined that if the club remained firmly organized and the other girls stuck to their word, she would keep her vow. When Billy made up her mind to anything she was immovable.

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### PART III

"What's the matter with Jack lately, anyhow?" inquired Homer Black as he dug his hands deep in his pockets and faced the bunch of fellows who had gathered in his room.

"I guess you've got me guessing, Curly," grinned "Scanty" Scott, a big, good-

natured fellow who had scored his nickname by the amount of his allowance. "He's not the same old Jack any more a'tall, a'tall."

"He's either havin' trouble with the old man or else he's in love," suggested "Russ" Thorn, turning from his magazine and winking at the other speakers.

"On the square, fellows, there is something up with Evermonde or he wouldn't be pulling off such stunts as he has been lately," broke in Jack's chum, John Hinsdale. "Why, he hasn't been with the bunch for a week and yesterday he passed me up as cool as February. He's not cranky though, just preoccupied."

He laid aside the sporting catalogue which he had been looking at and began pacing up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped, reached for his hat and coat and exclaimed:

"I'm going over and have a talk with Jack, fellows!"

"Let's all go," invited "Scanty" rising and glancing about.

No sooner said than done. A fifteen minutes' brisk walk brought them to Jack's home and they rushed in upon him, all six of them with greetings of "Howdy, hermit," "Hello, old fellow," "How's the boy?" and so on.

Jack returned their greetings and took their banter in a pleasant but reserved manner and every attempt to restore him to his old-time spirits was unsuccessful. Finally the bunch left, all but Hinsdale, whose concern for his "pal" caused him to venture the questions:

"What's wrong with you, Jack? Can I help you any?"

"Nothing wrong with me exactly," answered Jack smiling, for he felt instinctively that it was concern not curiosity which had prompted the question. "Nothing wrong with me," then vehemently, "such fool notions wom—people do get into their heads sometimes! Then that dad of mine! Oh, it's just fate, Hinsdale. Cruel, hard fate!"

He sat musing for a time, a queer mocking smile playing about his lips and an expression in his brown eyes that Hinsdale had never seen there before, a sort of half-serious, half-humorous expression, almost unreadable but suggestive of good-natured yet deep-rooted chagrin.

"Well, it's surely something you're powerless to help," spoke up John at

length in a sort of "tell me about it, won't you" tone. "I've known you for over four years and I never saw you clear stumped before."

There was a long silence. Hinsdale puffed at his cigar leisurely, striving to hide the discomfiture which Jack's refusal of confidence had occasioned.

Jack's mood had changed, however. There must have been some magic in Hinsdale's words, "I never saw you stumped before," for he was thinking now, intently, and speculating. Suddenly he jumped to his feet exclaiming jubilantly.

"Oh, Hinsdale, I've got it! I've got it!" He was executing a regular war dance now about his astonished friend whose mystification at the whole affair increased with Jack's enthusiasm.

"Well, stick your feet in your pocket, let me hold your hands and sit down and tell me what you've got," yelled Hinsdale shoving Jack into a chair.

But Jack would only exclaim: "I'll do it, by golly? I'll do it! If it takes the last ounce of brains I've got, I'll do it."

"Well go ahead and see if I care," growled John settling down in his chair again and resigning himself to his cigar and Jack's "ravings."

"Will you do it, Hinsdale?" Jack rattled on. "Oh, it'll be a lark, one grand lark. Will you do it?"

"Holy Moses, man! What are you talking about? If you're going clear batty—"

"Batty, nothing," broke in Jack, "I haven't felt saner for weeks—listen!"

For several hours they talked together. Jack's "bright idea" at first staggered Hinsdale but as the enthusiastic boy explained and elaborated upon his plans he grew more and more interested and as his own part was portrayed, became almost as hilarious as Jack himself.

When he left Evermonde's room that night he knew the cause and a possible remedy for his friend's dilemma and entertained also some brighter hopes for his own future.

Spring had come and was fast giving way to early summer. The spring term with its strenuous round of duties and pleasures was almost over and another class after its four years search for knowledge was about to leave the old alma mater. Among this number were all the members of the M. V. V. club, Peggy Ma-



lore, Beulah Shirley, Nadine Thore, Helen McDonald, Julia Howe and "Billy" Maxwell. Also Jack Evermonde and the "bunch" Homer Black, "Scanty" Scott, Russ Thorn, Bob Haskly and John Hinsdale.

Jack, since his talk with Hinsdale several months before, had entered into the social life at Wellesly with a vim he had never shown before. He was the life of everything. As many as a dozen times he had entertained informally at his own home the fellows in the "bunch" and the M. V. V. members and he was continually suggesting some party or excursion which included only "Billy" and Peggy and Hinsdale and himself.

The confidential talks between the two fellows were always being executed into some form of amusement for the girls. Once in a while some of the other members of the club would venture a frown but Jack seemed to be watching for this and the least evidence of disapproval was sure to be followed by an invitation to some frolic, which included the whole bunch.

On such occasions Jack always captured "Billy." The laughing, teasing, Peggy was never so happy as when with Hinsdale, big, handsome and serious, while Nadine and "Scanty." Russ and Helen, Homer and Beulah, Julia and Bob, generally were congenial.

All this seemed to please and satisfy Jack. "Guess maybe things are comin' our way, Johnnie old boy," he exclaimed one evening as he and Hinsdale were talking together. "Well enough to encourage us to carry the thing through."

"Oh, I guess so," returned Hinsdale laughing, "when are you going to tell the girls?"

"Don't ask me to start on that right away," protested Jack good naturedly. "I've just gotten through telling the fellows about it, and of all the times I had. They all wanted to go bad enough but Black had promised his old man to go right to work, Russ had another trip planned, Bob and Thorn were going to the coast with Thorn's folks and—is that all? They're all over at Bob's now. I guess they like the idea all right."

Hinsdale grinned. "Why shouldn't they? A month in the old Adirondacks would appeal to anybody. I don't mind it myself. But you'd better ask the girls right away, Jack. They'll have other plans made if you don't."

"We'll get them all together after chapel," agreed Jack. "The fellows too."

There were exclamations of amazement and delight the following evening, when, after getting the whole twelve together on the campus, Jack extended his invitation to the girls. Most of them had heard of Lakeview, his father's beautiful summer bungalow in the Adirondacks, and all of them had tasted of the Evermonde hospitality at his home in the college town. Their acceptance and thanks were cordially given and then they left the boys eager to discuss the cancelling of other outings and the matter of costumes.

There is some power in the beauty and warmth of nature and in the luxury of contented idleness to lure the mind from irksome and weighty thoughts. Add to a beautiful sunlit, care-free day among flowers and trees and birds a congenial, ever-present companion, who shares your delight in the things about you, and to the witchery of a moonlight night when the world seems one grand, shadowy fairyland the permeating charm of youth's personality and you have an attractive force which overwhelms the mind, which repels common thoughts and leaves it free to indulge in all the extravagance of fancy and reverie.

Little wonder, then, that thoughts of the work planned by the M. V. V. girls received scant consideration during the pleasurable, funful days at Lakeview. Billy, after her first little pang of conscience at laying aside duty for so long a time had never troubled her pretty head further, and, no matter what views the other girls entertained so long as their president lead, they were content to follow.

One evening near the close of their stay at Lakeview, after a moonlight stroll which had extended too far into the large hours of the night to please the anxious Mrs. Evermonde the party came straggling in couple by couple, some from one direction and others from another.

The girls, who usually gathered in Peggy's and Billy's room for a sociable chat before retiring, went directly to their rooms on this occasion, for there was something in Billy's manner that did not invite sociability. Her face was grave and she was quiet and reserved. Peggy who came in last found her lying upon the Davenport, her face in the pillows and her whole body shaking with sobs.



"Why, Billy," exclaimed Peggy, "don't cry like that." Something prompted her not to question the cause of this grief, for her own heart was heavy and instinctively she knew that the cause was common. She made every attempt to sooth her but Billy would only shake her curly head and bury it deeper in the pillows.

At length Peggy said quietly "I know" and she bent over and whispered something in Billy's ear.

They were magic words. For the first time Billy raised her tear-stained face to Peggy and with a startled, amazed expression questioned:

"How did you find it out?"

"Oh, Billy, John did too, that's why," exclaimed Peggy, her face suddenly lighting up with joy but as quickly clouding as again the thought of her club now rushed upon her. Billy continued, "Peggy, what shall we do? I couldn't say anything but a blunt 'no' and I wouldn't tell him why. He'll think now—Oh, I don't know what he will think!"

Her tone implied all the hopelessness of the situation and had also a tinge of question in it.

Peggy, in spite of her sympathy and concern, burst into a fit of laughter. Billy was so serious, her expression so pathetically funny and Peggy never could be serious.

"Why should we care after all, Billy," she finally said. "Two years isn't very long, and we—"

"But" interrupted Billy "it is too long. Jack must go to South America this fall and won't be able to get back for several years."

"I understand now," exclaimed Peggy in amazement. She tapped her slipper meditatively on the polished oak floor.

"Why not drop this club work, Billy dear," was the impulsive result of this reflection. "Let's just drop it. My mother's always telling me that it's too big an undertaking for girls and father absolutely frowns on it."

"Let's do," agreed Billy quickly, "I believe it would die anyway. Why, we're too far apart to do any good. We'd get awfully tired working it out alone."

"But the other girls," said Peggy, "we can't dissolve the club without their consent."

"That's right" acknowledged Billy, "But let's go and tell them and see what they say." She had never been accus-

ed to having her will crossed and she hesitated at nothing when her mind was made up.

The girls had not yet retired. When the question was put before them there was a chorus of astonishment and disappointment. Helen McDonald frankly and openly disapproved, but when Billy's situation was portrayed by the coaxing, persuasive Peggy, Jack's kindness and hospitality considered and the desires awakened in their own minds by the girls' experience, consulted, common consent was given and the M. V. V. club vows were declared "null and void."

Jack and Hinsdale sat talking together in the twilight of their last day at Lakeview. A strong friendship had grown up between the two men and neither had ever been more conscious of it than on this particular evening. The result of the girls' decision had been made known to them that afternoon and they had taken the first opportunity to steal away alone, and "talk it over."

"It has come out even better than I had hoped for, Hinsdale," Jack exclaimed with happy triumph in his voice.

"Yes" agreed John. "But there's one thing that's been puzzling me lately and that is, how in the world did you find out about that club?"

"By Jove," exclaimed Jack, "I never told you about that, did I?"

"Well, the night of Billy's inauguration I happened to be up at the toll office, waiting for an answer to a long distance call and some way or other I got connected with their club rooms. I never yet have been able to figure out how it happened but say, fellow, I heard her make her vow, heard it as plain as I hear your voice tonight."

"Then a little later the 'old man' comes round and tells me he wants me to go down and oversee the plantation. There was no way around that, you know dad. So of course it was up to me to get Billy this summer or run the risk of giving some other guy the privilege."

It was some stunner too, boy. I knew my only chance was to get some of the other girls in the notion and you come in right there—"

"A willing and eager tool," interposed Hinsdale.

"I hope you're not sorry are you?" inquired Jack, trying to look serious.

"Well, you don't see me going 'round

with a long face," drawled John in answer.

"No, or the girls either," laughed Jack. "But say," asked John soberly "are you ever going to tell Billy?"

"No, sir," answered Jack quickly. "That's one thing the 'Mrs. Evermonde' will never know."

Edith and Eva Booton.

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## The Twin Wizards

It was an extremely dark night, with the exception of a bright flash of lightning every minute or two. The little merchant ship was tossed by the waves of the briny deep like a cork might be tossed in a dishpan. The crew of this little ship had given up all hopes long before and had assembled in the captain's cabin. Never before had the evening seemed so quiet, so long and so dreadful as it had that evening. Late in the afternoon the crew witnessed an immense waterspout ambling off near the horizon and then it disappeared to return in a few minutes, headed directly toward them. Again it turned and they saw it swallow a large ship some distance away and vanish.

The merchant ship turned to the scene of disaster only to find pieces of the massive ship strewn helplessly about on the angry waves. The dutiful sailors went out in life boats searching among the wreckage for some distressed being who might be fortunate enough to be thus far preserved. Their search had been fruitless and they began to think there was no use of looking farther, when, suddenly they heard a low, moaning sound near by, and, upon investigating a large splinter of the ship, they found a lad, clad in a striped uniform, his legs badly tangled among some cordage. They cut him loose, helped him into the life boat, and took him to the ship. It took a good physician to detect the slightest phase of life in him, so white and deathlike was his visage. He was the only lad they had saved and they felt that death must have plucked some thousands of them, for the submerged vessel was an immense passenger boat.

This little ship's crew had saved a life which they might as well, or perhaps better, have left to perish. They had consumed several hours in their practically fruitless search, and, besides, they had saved his life only to have him killed with the rest of them in the storm they were now in.

As before stated the crew had gathered together in the captain's cabin. Even the furnace tender had given up all hope and dismissed the firemen for the first time since the little "Pelican" had been afloat, some twenty years before. The quartermaster, the captain, and even the wireless operator were crowded into the captain's cabin, after the riggings and sails were taken down. They were thrown to the mercy of the cruel and haughty waves. If only a message could be sent to some large vessel there would be hopes of being saved! But under the conditions of the atmospheric electrical currents, it was impossible to operate the coils so as to do any satisfactory conversation. Besides an operator was in intense danger of electrocution while in such a storm. Their large stationary compass had become useless in the violently-tossed ship. They had not the slightest idea of what position they held in the boundless liquid desert. Longitude and latitude was a most terrible mixture to these well-trained engineers.

The question naturally arose as to who this striped-clothed, unconscious form of a human being could possibly be. As long as he had no senses they could not learn. Some thought he was an escaped criminal being brought back to atone for his wrong doing. Others remarked that he had probably tried to smuggle himself on the ship, was caught and thus treated just for fun by the sailors, for sailors are very cruel in their fun, they all knew this. And, so around the room each person expressed his opinion of who the lad could be.

The storm had abated none and each sailor felt in his heart that it was his last chance to mutter a few words of prayer to the Almighty. Once in a while someone would be brave enough to venture on some light pun at which the company seemed to be immensely shocked. At any other time such a pun would have been

the height of amusement, but now it seemed that every ear was a sound-wave trap. In fewer words, fear was in every heart.

About ten minutes had elapsed in silence with nothing to be heard but the terrific roar of the waves, the loud crackling of the thunder and last, but not least, the creaking of the ship as it was wrecked unceremoniously by the torturing waves. Suddenly the senseless man groaned rolled over and asked for a drink. About a dozen men offered assistance and a flask of brandy was placed to his lips. He was insulted and with a mighty heave, he rose, struck the flask, sent it to the floor with a crash and calmly said it was water that he wanted. This was something new to the sailors, for never before had they known of a man on board a ship refusing brandy for mere water. He was an exceptional character.

After he had regained his consciousness and things were briefly explained to him, he volunteered assistance. Since they had a wireless instrument on board he was more confident of his success because his own precious instruments were lost in the wreck of which he had been sole survivor.

But how could he, a convict, do things that had baffled their own experienced genius! But his firm determination swayed them, and in a precious few minutes he was busy at the instruments, not as an amateur but as a professional. He seized some copper wire twisted it into a complicated knot after the fashion of a coil, connected it to the instrument by a secret hitch and was soon at the instrument sending the message "S. O. S." repeatedly. At length he received the reply signed "T. D." He nearly jumped over the instruments with joy, for "T. D." meant Ted to him and Ted meant his sole salvation at this anxious moment. He sent the message again and signed "R. D." or "Red." He then instructed the operator to determine as nearly as possible just where they were. The man obeyed and by a system of small compasses he found roughly their position and reported it to him who was clad in the disgraceful uniform, who had caused the murky sky to be penetrated and who had done in ten minutes, what had troubled the whole world some thousand years. The report was flashed through the electric-filled sky. Ted replied giving his own location and

stating that they would come at once.

"Red" compared their own location with that of Ted's and found that about thirty knots were intervening between the "Pelican" on which "Red" acted as operator and the "Peerless" on which Ted was master of the instrument. "The Floating Beauty," for that is what the Peerless was called, could not make more than eight knots per hour in such a tempest as this. Besides, their own location was not given with much accuracy, therefore, they fully realized that it meant four hours at least before the Peerless could reach their fated ship, and only fifteen minutes previous a leak had sprung in the engine room! The pumps had been set to work but the rapidity of the inlet more than counteracted the outlet. The progress of the immense pumps was too slow and the crew were slowly but surely becoming fatigued. Some busied themselves throwing cargo overboard, that the ship might stay afloat longer. Others were tending to the tackles of the lifeboat cranes. They could use the lifeboat as a last resort, but felt only too keenly the little time a lifeboat could withstand such dashing about.

A messenger was kept running back and forth among them and then up where "Red" patiently sat at the wireless instruments sending or receiving the reports from his chum, Ted, and urging him to have the Floating Beauty hurry.

"We are going down" he flashed and in about ten minutes he received a message saying: "Put oil on the water." This he sent to the captain, who, when he heard it said: "Why, of course, fools that we were, not to have thought that out before." In a short time a hundred barrels of oil were poured on the water and about four hundred more remained. The waves began to abate slightly and as they saw the effect they poured two hundred more overboard and noticed a marvelous change. The remaining two hundred were saved for later in the night.

A bright thought passed through the captain's mind, "Why not pour several barrels of tar into the room in which the leak had sprung and then close it as tight as circumstances would allow. The adhesion of the tar to the wood would fill up all cracks and even if the room did fill with water it could do no damage to the rest of the ship other than sink it a little deeper." The plan was followed out and



worked like a charm. The tar sealed all the cracks around the door and window frames and thus solved the problem of leakage.

Another problem now presented itself, the storm was growing fiercer and fiercer and the oil supply was exhausted. That, which was on the water, served its purpose well, it formed a kind of a blanket and thus laid the waves low before they could hit the sorry Pelican full force. An hour still remained before the Beauty would reach them. It seemed that the minutes were becoming doubled, tripled and quadrupled. The race for life was beginning to fade, the goal that was nearly reached to fade before their eyes.

Suddenly a heavy charge of lightning hit the main mast, ran down through the ship and ignited the oil. The next moment it seemed that the whole sea was but a mass of seething fire. The falling mast had destroyed some of the wireless apparatus and thus had rendered this instrument useless.

Alas! Hark! They hear a steamer's whistle but cannot answer because the steam has long since died down. But why all the worry? The Floating Beauty had seen the immense flame and knew only too well what that meant. She had headed directly for the center of the now extinguished flame and in fifteen minutes her lifeboats were riding the waves and rescuing the occupants of the ill-fated Pelican, now half submerged in the briny deep.

The stroke of lightning that had severed communication and had destroyed the little ship was after all the means of saving them. They waited long enough to see the Pelican go down to her salty grave and then sped on towards New York. Every person present felt from the bottom of his heart that "Red" had saved them from the fate that had befallen the occupants of the "Dauntless" but "Red" would not receive any praise, as he considered it only a return favor, for had they not saved his life?

The passengers of the Peerless seemed to think some mystery was hidden beneath that prisoner's uniform so they unanimously requested that he sit down and tell them. He consented and was led into the large reception room where he told his story that ran something like this:

Ted and he were college chums, they had roomed together during their college career and both taken up an electrical engineering course. Both were very proficient scholars, but on account of their everlasting experimenting they were expelled, after being severely reprimanded several times. The grounds of the expulsion were that they had been neglecting their studies and that their last experiment had caused an explosion endangering the whole dormitory. Their experiments had not been wholly fruitless for they had studied out a simple coil and hitch that, when attached to a wireless instrument, counteracted danger to the operator and would allow the instruments to be operated with ease and much accuracy during the most terrific electric storm. "And," continued "Red," "never before have we given it as complete a test as it has received just last night. This simple little thing that we have just tested out we were going to prove a success. After talking to authorities of the continental and Morse systems, we were point blank refused recognition so took as our last refuge the navy system. Each of us took a different ship in order that we might more fully demonstrate our little problem. But," sighed "Red," "I failed to catch Ted in that little gale we had two evenings ago and I was caught and violently forced to vacate my position, cruelly abused and locked in a small room."

A double charge was cast upon him, that of smuggling, and that of false pretense. He tried to explain but to no avail, for evidence was too strong against him. He fully demonstrated the principle of his problem to the salaried operator but was ignored and told that if a little thing like that would hold true, the wizard, Thomas A. Edison, would have had it figured out long before his frail mind began to act on electricity. Thus he was confined and more than once he wished he had obeyed his professors at college and quit experimenting. How he longed to be among his schoolmates in the halls of learning, rooting for the college squads, singing school songs, hazing freshmen and a billion other things that were too good even to imagine now! Suddenly the great ship "Dauntless" was crushed, like an egg shell in a bone grinder, and he saw the immense waterspout leaving the scene of destruction and, well, the rest they knew.

Several doubted his tale, so for proof



they called on Ted to testify. Ted refused to leave the instruments, but swore that anything "Red" told could be nothing but the whole truth. Then and not till then they believed "Red's" story and all agreed that their struggles for life had been easy beside the fight that "Red" had made.

A large purse was raised and pre-

sented to the two lads who had proven heroes. This money was invested in a large, commodious laboratory where they might still continue their experiments unhampered by advising professors. This laboratory received the name of "Twin Wizards," by request of the retired crew.

Francis Kelly.

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## His Strange Experience

"But you don't know how to play soldier. Girls can't be soldiers."

"I do know how to play soldier and I am a soldier 'cause grandpa said I was his soldier."

"Well maybe you do, but we don't want you. Why you'd cry if we hurt you."

"All right, mister, I'll go get my grandpa to tell me a true story 'bout soldiers. He's one and he knows all about them. He said, you wasn't a soldier 'cause mama is your captain and a soldier's first duty is to obey orders and you don't."

With this she turned away from the boys with whom she had been playing and went in search of her grandfather.

She found him seated on the veranda behind the shady vines. His blue eyes, looking out at the boys at play, had a wistful look in them. His thin lips moved nervously and formed the name of "Wheeler." The book in his hand was open at a page bearing this inscription, "John W. Wheeler, Co. E., 11th Illinois. Enlisted Aug. 14, 1862; killed at Jonesboro, Ga., Aug. 31, 1864."

Again the old man sighed, but upon seeing May, he became all attention as he listened to her troubles.

"Of course," he said, "girls can be soldiers. Why half the soldiers of '61 were women and girls."

"Half were women and girls?" she echoed.

"Yes, dear, for we men never could have fought so bravely but for the thought of the loved ones at home. Then, too, the women had to give up husbands, fathers and sons for their country and they did it without a murmur and that, May, takes much courage. You would

not want to give up your papa would you?"

"No," she answered. Then slipping her soft arms around his neck she whispered, "Nor my granddaddy either."

"Of course you wouldn't, but your old granddaddy isn't much account now. But, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me a story, a really true one," she begged. "'Bout soldiers."

"Why, Pet, I've told you all the stories about soldiers that you could understand, you don't want to hear them again, do you?"

She was silent a moment, then exclaimed:

"Oh! I know what. Tell me about your strangest experience while in service."

The old man's eyes again grew wistful and misty and again his lips formed the unspoken word of "Wheeler."

"All right, I'll tell you what I consider the strangest experience of my time of service."

"We had been lying in front of Atlanta for months, under fire everyday. General Hood and his men were in the city and determined to keep General Sherman from advancing any further south.

"The army was tired of the long siege and of lying in the trenches. We were anxious to bring the campaign to a close and any kind of a change was welcome.

"On the afternoon of the 30th of August, 1864, the bugle blew 'Assembly' and at roll call we were given orders to take down our tents, pack up and be ready to move. We were told to do everything quietly so that the enemy might not know anything unusual was happening, and as soon as it became dark we moved out of the works where we had lain for twenty-six days.

"We had no idea where we were going and it would have made no difference if we had. A soldier's first duty is to obey orders, so we, with faith in our officers, took up a line of march through a dark forest."

"Where did you go, grandpa," questioned May.

"Far into a new country, miles away from Atlanta," he replied.

"About noon, away across a valley we could see a railroad and earth-works, behind which Hood's men were lying, and we knew we had been sent to get that railroad and cut off communication with Atlanta."

"Did you fight a real battle then?"

"Yes, we fought a real battle and for a while our victory looked doubtful. But about six o'clock that evening reinforcements came. We heard loud cheering on our right and the sound came nearer and nearer. We jumped up on the works to see the cause of the excitement and saw General Logan, his hat in his hand, his long black hair waving in the wind, shouting 'give it to 'em, boys.'"

"The battle was then over. Just after dark the sky toward Atlanta became lurid and we could hear explosions. This proved to be the rebels blowing up their ammunitions to prevent its falling into our hands. In the morning Atlanta was empty and we took possession.

"I had a number of friends in the 11th Illinois Infantry, and having obtained permission of the captain, I went over to the regiment to see how my friends came through the fight.

"The losses of the regiment were light but while I was there a burying party came up with the body of a young boy, who had been killed in battle. The men wrapped a blanket around him, dug a grave and buried him not far from where we were standing.

"He was the only man killed in company E. One of his comrades, with his knife, cut on a board his name, company, and regiment. I remembered that his name was Wheeler.

"After our march to the sea of which I have told you before and the Grand Review, we started home, in June, to be discharged.

"Somewhere in Illinois before we reached Springfield we stopped in the middle of the night and lay on a sidetrack.

Some of the boys being tired and worn-out got out and lay on the station platform for a nap.

"This is what I think is the strangest occurrence I ever witnessed.

"An elderly man, a native of the place, came among the boys and told them not to expose themselves by lying down that way. It seemed so ridiculous to the boys, that they began making fun of him. But seeing that he was very much in earnest and offered his advice through kindness of heart, I sat down and I talked to him.

"'Uncle,' I said, 'if I were you and had a home and place to sleep I don't believe I'd be hanging around this depot in the middle of the night.'

"His voice shook sadly as he answered.

"'I like to talk to soldiers, especially Sherman's men. I had a boy with Sherman.'

"I knew from his voice that there was more behind it, so I asked to what regiment he belonged.

"He answered 'Co. E., 11th Illinois.'

"'I know that regiment,' I replied 'and he'll be home soon. The infantry will be discharged soon after the artillery.'

"But the old man shook his head and replied still more sadly.

"'No, he will never come home. He was killed at Jonesboro.'

"'Then your name must be Wheeler,' I answered, remembering the headboard at Jonesboro.

"'Yes, yes, how did you know?'

"'Because I saw him buried.' Then I sat down and told him all I've been telling you. He said he wanted to go and bring the body home so I gave him directions where to find it.

"For years this incident had slipped my mind but as I found this, pointing to the book, it all came back to me.

"That, dear, is what I think is the strangest incident of my soldierly life. It seems strange that months afterward, a thousand miles away, I should meet and comfort the old father of the boy who died fighting so bravely at Jonesboro.

"Now, go, and tell my story to your brothers."

And with a smile on his lips and a dreamy look in his eyes the old man lived over the days of the '60's.

Naomi Kelly.

# **HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1914**

*(With Apologies to Thomas Jefferson)*

When in the course of High School events, it becomes necessary for one class to dissolve the bonds which have connected them with the other classes, and to assume among the alumni of their Alma Mater the separate and equal station to which the customs of the school entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to self-commendation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all students are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty (so far as the faculty sees fit) and, meanwhile, having become proficient in the required studies, they should be graduated and a new class, having the same object in view, should be formed in their place. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that classes four years established should not be affected by light and transient causes (such as losing the basketball championship to the Juniors), and accordingly all experience has shown that Seniors are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to protest as a Freshman might. But when a long train of successes and triumphs, pursuing invariably the same class, evince a design to elevate that class above all others, either in Newton High or elsewhere, it is the right, it is the duty of the members of that class, to come forward and state that they are only humans though of the highest order. The history of the class of 1914 is a history of repeated honors and victories, all having in direct object the establishment of its absolute superiority over all other rivals. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

We entered High School with a membership of one hundred and three, the largest class which had ever entered the Newton High School up to that time, and since surpassed only by one other, the class of 1916 who could, then, boast of one hundred and eight.

We assembled our number from the grades, from the country, from other schools, and last, but not least, from the class of '13, some of whose members having wearied of the "Orange and Black"

soon cast their lot into the veritable "melting pot" of the Freshman class.

We soon acquired the reputation of being exceptionally intelligent Freshmen, especially after we had prevented the Sophomores from attending our first class party, a masquerade given in the early spring of 1911.

We, later in the same spring, selected our class colors and after a heated discussion, Maroon and White were chosen.

We bore these colors victoriously through two successive combats, defeating first, the envious Sophomores, and the following year, the Purple and White of the 1915 class. These classes proved to be good losers and royal entertainers, both in the "cane rush" and in the resulting parties given us as victors.

We, in the later part of our Sophomore year, placed, on the south wall of the assembly room, a splendid 1914 pennant which vies with the others in beauty. So, with a pleasant memory of good times and Sophomore parties, we completed the first two years of our high school life.

We quickly passed on to our Junior year, next in importance to the Senior year. At a meeting held for our organization, we selected our pins and elected as our class officers, Albert Chapman as president, Jared Loveridge, vice-president and Ruth Lawrence as secretary. Our pins soon arrived and those tiny hexagons of dull gold excited the envy and admiration of all.

We entertained the Senior class of '13, that year, at one of the time-honored Junior receptions and needless to say, it was enjoyed by all.

We thus arrived at our Senior year, a year filled with good times, together with some hard work. The boys of the Senior class entertained the girls at a delightful party not long ago, thus beginning the long list of commencement affairs.

We elected our commencement speakers early this spring and those selected were as they appear on the program today.

We have now reached our commencement time. The baccalaureate sermon and the Junior reception are past, and the



future now lies before us, an unexplored region of mystery.

We graduate with a class of sixty-nine, the largest class to graduate from Newton High. Of this number, seventeen have always been in the class of 1914, starting from the various primary grades of this city. Many of those who entered with us as Freshmen have already entered the business world while others have since joined us.

We, therefore, after declaring these facts, repeat that the class of 1914 is and of a right ought to be, graduated with honors as the best class that has ever attended this school.

For the support of this declaration, with a sincere faith in the eternal friendship between the members of our class, and with a firm reliance on ourselves, we mutually pledge, one to another, our reputations as scholars and as athletes.

B. T.

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## Class Poem

We, the class of nineteen-fourteen,  
Greet you people one and all,  
To our happiest occasion,  
To our answer of life's call.  
The world is summoning us, dear people,  
To the fields of work and fame;  
But we fain would leave our High School,  
For we love her dear old name.

Four short years ago, Old High School!  
We entered at your portal,  
We were tempted to gain knowledge,  
We followed, it was mortal.  
To the mystic charms, we yielded.  
And since we've been a working  
To get our dear diploma,  
And indeed there's been no shirking.

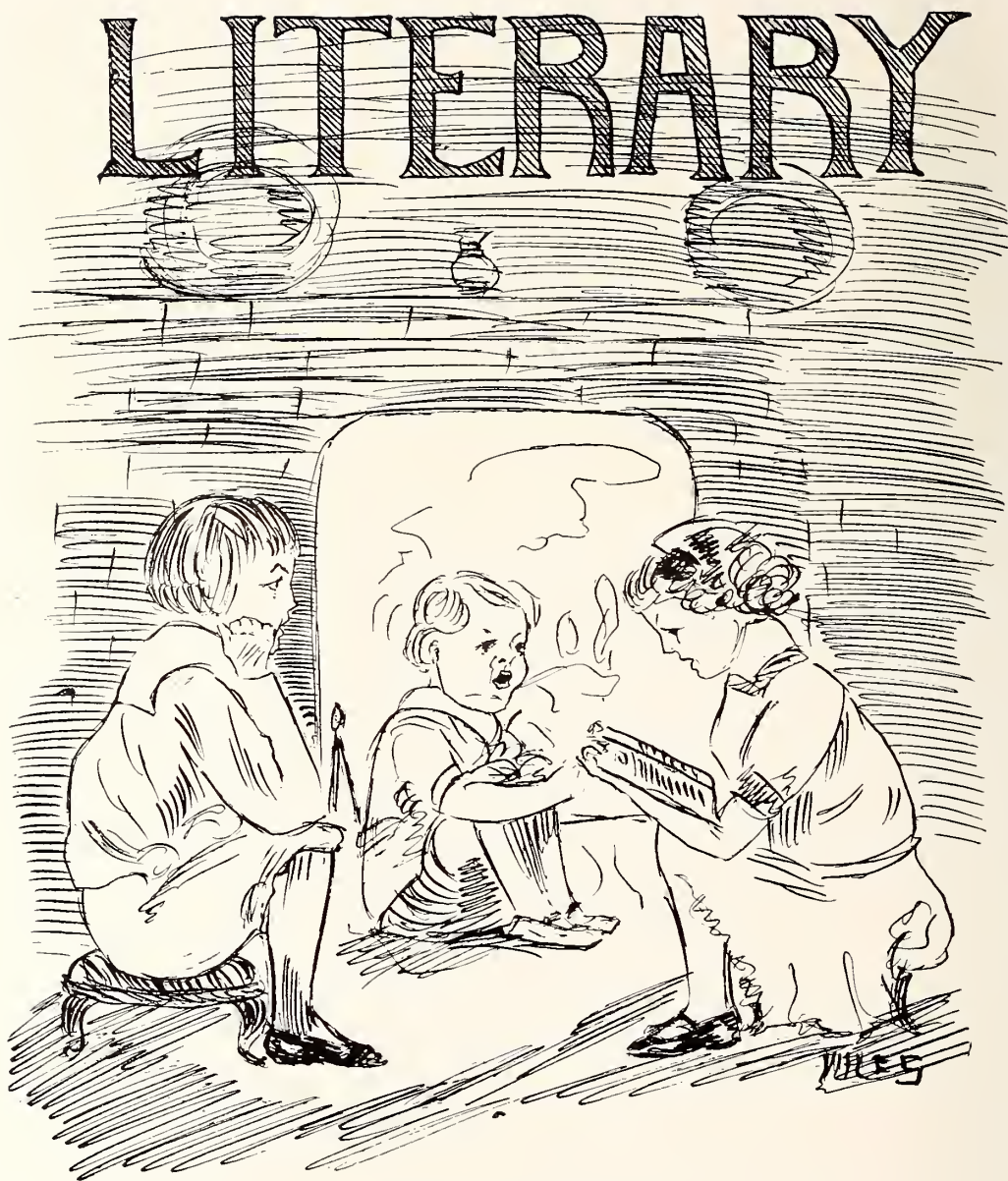
In all activities of high school,  
Old fourteen has done her part.  
In athletics, in debating,  
In the glee clubs and in art.  
Two class scraps were won by fourteen,  
The class of thirteen met defeat.  
And then came the class of fifteen,  
They, too, bowed down at our feet.

We've had tasks and toils to battle,  
To reach commencement's goal.  
Now we've reached it through our efforts,  
Yet we find it but a shoal.  
In a shoal and we expected  
We were far out on life's sea,  
Far beyond the shallow sea coast,  
And not stranded on this lea.

Some may set their sails for college  
For others school days are o'er;  
But let's cross the depths undaunted,  
And not coast along the shore.  
Grasp the oars, comrades of fourteen,  
We must cross rough seas in life,  
Set the sails and grasp the rudder,  
Be a hero in the strife.

Schoolmates, we are parting ever  
From the childhood joys and play,  
We are entering on life's struggle,  
That will take us far away.  
And though we drift in all directions,  
We will meet each other later,  
As we travel back in memory,  
To Newton High, our Alma Mater.

W. H.



Societies

# Clio Literary Society



Bayard Deur  
 Helen Bergman  
 Ruth Bergman  
 Irene Clark  
 Mille Coxe  
 Mac Edge  
 Ralph Bergman  
 Kathreen Aillaud  
 Celia Albee  
 Maurine Baldwin  
 Ila Baldwin  
 Edith Booton  
 Eva Booton  
 Bonnie Bryant  
 Marguerite Carl  
 Katherine Davis  
 Wilma Davis  
 Faye Deal  
 Grace Doane  
 Myrtle Alling  
 Ruth Allfree  
 Gertrude Bergman  
 Hazel Dolph

Charity Brom  
 Vera Clymer  
 Frances Drake  
 Vera Dunmire  
 Grace Bishop  
 Esther Brown  
 Ruth Drake  
 Joy Eastman  
 Vera Ellis  
 Effie Alling  
 Edith Efnor  
 Renah Coxe  
 Albert Chapman  
 Cecil Compton  
 Vernon Conn  
 Harold Fleck  
 Walter Callison  
 Samuel Fleming  
 Barbara Chase  
 Loyl Allfree  
 Leona Albee  
 Florence Cooper

## Faculty Members

Miss McKee

Miss Broderick



# Thalian Literary Society



LaNore Earley  
 Mabel Eaton  
 Florence Gibford  
 Minnie Gertsma  
 Muriel Gowin  
 Gabrielle Griebeling  
 Ruth Hall  
 Elsie Hammer  
 Merle Hammer  
 Vera Hatfield  
 Marjorie Hough  
 Katherine Failor  
 Maude French  
 Naomi Kelley  
 Miriam Hindorff  
 Mabel Longfellow  
 Louise Furniss  
 Nellie Hagedorn  
 William Hale

Eva Hall  
 Mabel Held  
 Grace Hanson  
 Dalcý Holdsworth  
 Irene Jasper  
 Myrtle Keener  
 Katherine Koehl  
 Arthur Deutsch  
 Roy Hickman  
 Henry Iske  
 Harry Greenlief  
 Clarence Griebeling  
 Roy Guessford  
 Frank Guthrie  
 Herbert Galusha  
 Ralph Gardner  
 Donald Hammerly  
 John Hans  
 Ona Kating

## Faculty Members

Miss Killduff

Miss Frazier

# Hamiltonian Literary Society



Hollis Joy  
 Georgia Knapp  
 Eathel Kinyon  
 Thelma Klein  
 Francis Kelly  
 Glenn Kennedy  
 Lee Kinyon  
 Jared Loveridge  
 Ernest Jones  
 Lowell Leake  
 Arthur Lusk  
 Reuel Jackson  
 Ruth Lawrence  
 Elsie Laskewitz  
 Bertha Johnson  
 Marie Livingston  
 Esther Long  
 Ruth Largent  
 Janet Loyer  
 Blanche Maytag  
 Ruth McCardell

Ruth McLaughlin  
 Theona Miller  
 Marvel Miller  
 Isobel Miles  
 Louise Morrison  
 Helen Munson  
 Inez McAllister  
 Celeste Merritt  
 Gladys Neel  
 Elva Nolin  
 Kathryn O'Roake  
 Florence Orns  
 Adra Rogers  
 Geraldine Shankland  
 Ruth Sitler  
 Amber Swihart  
 Grace Shelley  
 Zola Lister  
 Burton Paul  
 Leslie Leake  
 Charles Morrison

## Faculty Members

Miss Campbell

Miss Western

# Euterpean Literary Society



Emma Nelson  
Lillian Nelson  
Doris Preston  
Mildred Raymond  
Francis Raridon  
Irene Ritter  
Lucille Scott  
Emma Smith  
Bernice Trease  
Faith Winger  
Lelia Stewart  
Jessie Sellman  
Martha Weeks  
Elise Wehrman  
Alice Whittaker  
Nina Wilcox  
Florence Propp  
Zoa Skinner  
Charlotte Spencer

Hazel Wagley  
Irene Witmer  
Leola Young  
Elnora Wehrman  
Jean Sellman  
Zella Rayl  
Edward Philips  
Carroll Roberts  
Rex Sheeler  
Roy Trout  
Willis Miner  
Guy Rinehart  
Willard Rayburn  
Glenn Ryan  
Everett Sabin  
George Wormley  
Myra Thomas  
Laura Stanton  
Leland Morrison

## Faculty Members

Miss Beard

Miss Shipley



# Debating Society



John Broadston  
Lowell Leake  
Kenneth Myers  
Ralph Lusk  
Riley Chase  
Ivan Bridges  
Willie Reese  
Harold Rayburn  
Rudolph Van Wyngarden  
Carl Van Steenberg  
Harold Aillaud  
Robert Aillaud

Robert Woodrow  
William Perdew  
Clifford Lavender  
Fred Hart  
Malcolm Price  
Hiram Sloanaker  
William Hall  
Glenn Jackson  
Millard Olliver  
Clarence Broadston  
Lawrence Hammerly  
Jared Loveridge

## Faculty Members

Miss Hall

Miss Furniss

# Triangular Debate

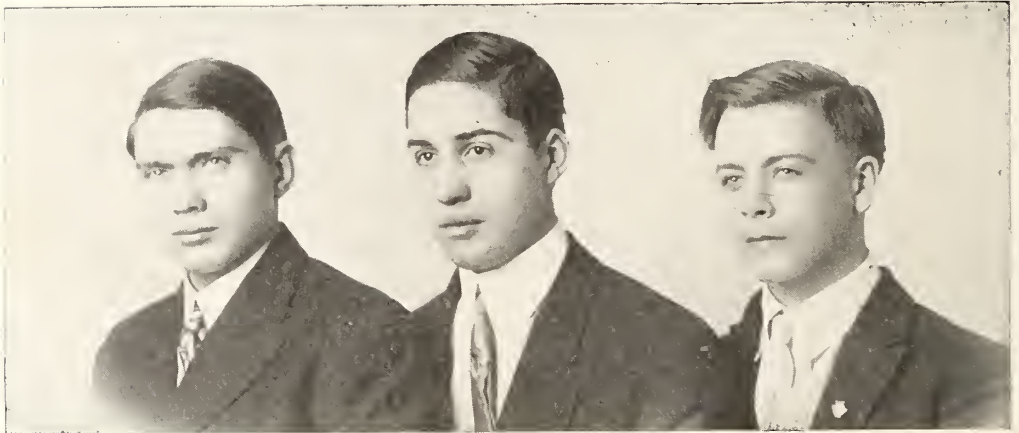


## AFFIRMATIVE TEAM

Glenn Jackson

Ralph Lusk

Clarence Broadston



## NEGATIVE TEAM

John Broadston

Carl Van Steenberg

Kenneth Meyers

# MUSIC



MISS CARRIE MILES

Miss Miles has been our capable supervisor of music for the past two years and under her efficient supervision music has now an established place in Newton High School.

Last year the Girls' Glee Club and the orchestra were organized each of which has furnished a part on almost every program since. In addition to this the chapel hours have been made more interesting by our own musicians who give either vocal or instrumental selections.

Our Wednesday and Friday music periods have added much interest to our work also, and have been pleasant intervals in the grinding routine of school life.

This year a Boys' Glee Club, and Boys' Double Quartet as well as a Girls' Double Quartet have been organized. These organizations speak for themselves and show how our ideals have been raised through the patience and persistence of Miss Miles.

These will be, we hope, merely stepping stones for greater things along musical lines and this will be quite possible if the coming students of all classes will support their supervisor with as much if not more enthusiasm than the present classes have done.





## Girl's Glee Club

Leora Sills  
 Charity Brom  
 Hazel Wagley  
 Dorothy Dodge  
 Frances Raridon  
 Marguerite Carl  
 Katherine Failor

Nelle Hagedorn  
 Myrtle Armstrong  
 Bonnie Bryant  
 Louise Furniss  
 Faith Winger  
 Maebelle Donahey  
 Eva Booton

Blanche Maytag



## Boys Glee Club

Rayburn  
 Roberts  
 Baty  
 Iske  
 Duer  
 Bridges

Witmer  
 Denniston  
 Griebeling  
 Hall  
 Oliver  
 Sloanaker

Van Wyngarden



## High School Orchestra

Miles (Leader)	Hatfield	Demory	Sellman	Baldwin
Eaton	Davis	Perdew	Callison	Van Baren
Hammerly		McLaughlin		Iske



## High School Band

Baird (Leader)	Callison	Snooks	Paul	Hans	Iske
Kennedy	Leake	Guthrie	Sheperd	Hammerly	
Gharrett	VanWyn garden	Garretson	Atwood		



# "SNOW-WHITE"

An operetta by the Newton Schools for benefit of Newtonia Annual  
Lister's Opera House, March 17, 1914

Scene 1.—An out-of-doors scene where Snow-white has met the forest children who are celebrating her birthday. Queen plans to kill Snow-white.

Scene 2.—An open space in the forest. Snow-white homeless. Prince begins search for her.

Scene 3.—Interior of the dwarfs' house. Snow-white becomes house-keeper for the dwarfs. Queen makes two attempts to kill her.

Scene 4.—The grounds near the young king's palace. The wedding of Snow-white and the Prince.

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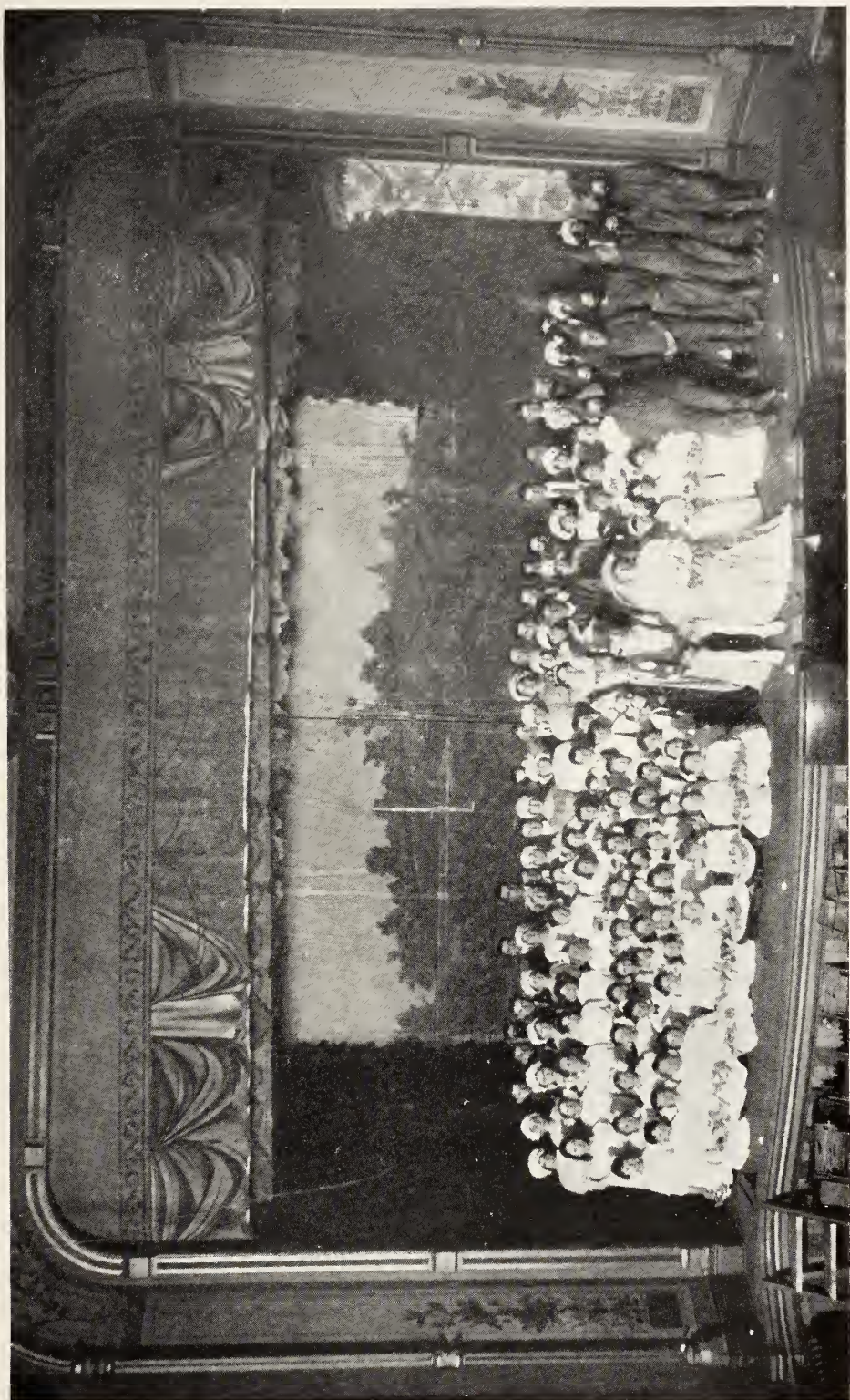
## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Snow-white.....Marjorie Lambert  
Queen.....Bonnie Bryant  
Prince.....Rudolph Van Wyngarden  
Carl the Huntsman.....Ralph Sloanaker  
Violet.....Helen Duer  
Arbutus .....Wilma Davis  
Daffodil.....Faith Winger  
Voice from the Mirror.....La Nore Earley  
Max.....Harold Atwood  
Hans.....Charles Everett  
Seven dwarfs and chorus of forest children from the high school and the grades.

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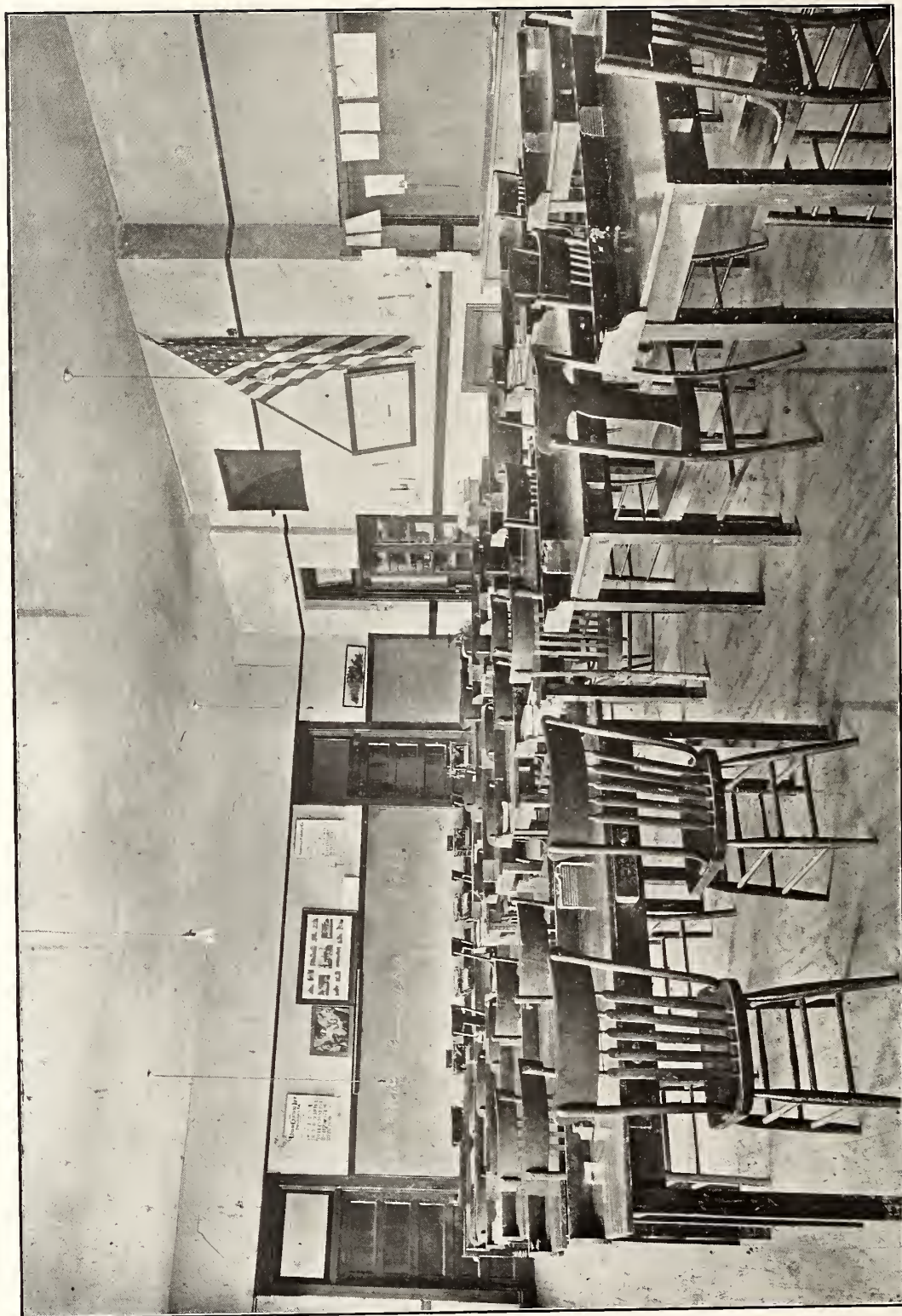
Directed by Misses Miles and Hall  
Vera Hatfield, Accompanist  
Music by High School Orchestra





“SNOW-WHITE”





COMMERCIAL ROOM





PENMANSHIP CLASS



# The Newton Wireless Association



The Newton Wireless Association was organized in August, 1913, with the following officers and members: Carl Van Steenberg, president; Robert Hammer, secretary and treasurer; Clarence Woodrow, Percy Van Epps, E. S. Baird, and Henry Iske.

The aerial used in the set consists of four-stranded, phosphor-bronze wires each 140 feet long and stretched from the 85-foot smoke stack of the school heating plant to a steel pole on the tower of the central building, which is about 130 feet high.

The receiving set consists of loose coupled tuner, two variable condensers, one fixed condenser, silicon, ferron and galena detectors, buzzer, four pairs of 2,000-ohm resistance receivers and the necessary switches and connections. All the instruments except the receivers have been made by members of the association.

The present sending set consists of transformer, helix, rotary spark gap, electrolytic interrupter and key. Alternating current being at present unavailable the station is equipped for sending messages only to the other six stations in the city. During the present summer the association expect to install a 3 K. W. set.

The present station as seen in the above cut was completed January 22d and that night Sayville, New York, was distinctly heard. A few of the large stations which have been heard are Sayville, New York; Arlington, Va.; New York City; Key West; Cuba; Galveston; S. S. Nashville in location Lat. 23° 2' Lon. 80° 30'; and the Standard Oil Steamer, Sacony, off the Atlantic coast. The Atlantic fleet enroute to the Mexican parts and many other nearby stations as Omaha, Highland Park College, West Des Moines High and the local privately-owned stations. The correct time and weather report is received from Arlington every night at 9 o'clock. At the time the group picture was snapped Sayville, N. Y., was "coming in fine."

Wireless is a very interesting study and enthusiasm in the city over the results of the efforts of the association is great. Aside from the large set there are also several smaller sets in the city in successful operation. Among these are those owned by Everett Sabin, Carl Van Steenberg, E. S. Baird, Fred Ritter, Robert Hammer, Willard Rayburn and Howard Witmer.



## Angels at the Tomb

At dawn of day the women dear,  
Came to the sepulchre with fear.

They brought the spices rare and sweet,  
To lay them at the dear Lord's feet.

They found the stone was rolled away  
And weeping stood, that weary day.

The Saviour gone! The empty tomb  
Seems shrouded now in deepest gloom.

But, lo! Two angels clad in white  
Fill all the place with holy light.

And words of cheer and comfort give  
That Christ, the Lord, doth truly live.

He is not here—but you shall see  
The risen One in Galilee.

O angels, messengers of light,  
Come wing your way to our dark night.

God bids us forward day by day,  
He has an angel lead the way.

And oft stern duty brings despair,  
God has an angel waiting there.

The path before seems darkest night,  
God's messengers can make it light.

He whispers, "Child, the end I see,  
An angel bright is leading thee."

Cling close to God, thou art His care,  
His angels wait to hear thy prayer.

So if thy day be full of gloom,  
Recall the angels at the tomb.

In storm or calm—on land or sea,  
His angels bear thee company.

Elizabeth Lyday Sloanaker. 1878.

## LETTERS FROM N. H. S. ALUMNI

18 Peverell St., Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

April 1, 1914.

Dear friends of Newton High.

It has been some time since I last wrote to you and I hope that the months have gone pleasantly with you and that you are happy over the prospects of a well-earned vacation. As for me the time has passed rapidly and I have been seeing and hearing much that is interesting in and around Boston.

This is a beautiful spring day and were you here I would take you out on our piazza and show you what a splendid view we have of Boston Harbor which is not far distant. Our house is situated on a hill high enough for us to be able to look over the roofs of the houses directly into the harbor and watch the big ships and sail boats coming and going and the seagulls hovering over the water. At night when the moon rises over the water and the shore-line is studded with electric lights and the lighthouse blinks in the distance the sight is exceedingly beautiful.

Yesterday I went down town and visited the old state house which is one of the most historic spots in Boston. I had been there before but there are so many old relics there that it takes quite a while for one to see everything. The building is not large, about half the size of the central school building at Newton. I should say. In the Revolutionary period the stocks stood near the northeast corner with the whipping post, pillory and cage near by. A little to the east of the building is the very spot where the famous Boston Massacre of 1770 took place. This spot is plainly marked by a circle of bricks in the pavement. I wanted to stand on this historic place so I ran the risk of being run over by automobiles, carts and pedestrians to do so.

It would be impossible to tell you about all the interesting things in this old building. An open stairway made of solid walnut with painted white banisters leads from basement to garret. It is in the center of the building and winds around in the form of a spiral.

In colonial days the large east room was used for the council chamber. Here assembled the honorable council com-

posed of twenty-eight citizens who formed the upper house of the general court. In this room James Otis argued against the Writ of Assistance, that memorable act which led John Adams to say: "Then and there the child, Independence, was born." This room was the scene of many notable state occasions and here the spirit of liberty was aroused by the eloquent appeals of Otis, Adams, Quincy, Warren and Hancock.

A small balcony projects from the large east window of this room and here is where the trumpeters stood in olden times to call the people together to hear any public information read. The Declaration of Independence was first read to the people of Boston from this very balcony.

John Hancock's dinner table of fine mahogany was interesting to me, for Mrs. Hancock once said, "The Governor's hobby was his dinner table and I suppose it is mine." The dining chairs of both Governor and Mrs. Hancock are pushed up to the table, one on either side. Daniel Webster's well-worn chair stands nearby.

The last cocked hat ever worn in Boston is a funny looking thing. It is made of black French velour and is enormously large. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes fun of this very hat in his poem, "The Last Leaf," one verse of which goes like this:

"I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old, three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches and all that,  
Are so queer."

I was standing looking at the old organ once owned by Oliver Holden when the guard came up and unlocked it and asked me to play on it. The tones are still sweet and mellow although this organ is very, very old. The guard told me that it wasn't known how old it was. Oliver Holden was the author of "Coronation" or "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and many other hymns. When locked, the organ resembles an old-fashioned bookcase like many you have seen. The doors of the upper part open and reveal the pipes, for this is a pipe or-



gan. These pipes are made of soft lead instead of zinc which is used nowadays, I understand. The keys are yellow with age.

Perhaps the most unique thing in the whole collection of curios is a small model of a battleship made by an officer of the U. S. frigate Chesapeake. This man was taken prisoner by the British frigate Shannon, in the famous battle off Boston Harbor in 1813. The ship was made by him while he was a prisoner for three years and is fashioned out of the bones he saved from his rations. The only tools he had to work with were a knife, fork and old darning needle and you'd be surprised to see how exquisitely the tiny pieces are carved and put together.

No doubt you would be as interested as I was in Benjamin Franklin's printing press. You have seen pictures of it which are accurate representations. I tried to imagine him standing in front of it and setting the type for some of his queer old saying. You know he lived here in Boston and his parents are buried in the old Granary burying ground which is not a great ways from the state house. Samuel Adams, Peter Faneuil, John Hancock, Paul Revere and many other notable also lie buried in this cemetery.

I must not neglect mentioning the representative hall in the old state house. I went over and stood in the large west window where Washington stood in October, 1789, to review the procession of people marching in the street below, who welcomed him to Boston on his farewell visit.

I should like to tell you about many other things that were here but must not take your time nor too much space in the annual.

As I left the building and mingled with the crowd on the streets outside, I actually got lost and had to enquire my way. However, if you could see how the streets of Boston wind and turn you certainly would not wonder at my getting lost. I was here a whole month before I would venture any distance alone. At home if a stranger would enquire of you where So-and-So lived you would say, "Go so many blocks in this direction and so many blocks in that direction." Here we go so many minutes' walks to the right or to the left, for there are no blocks. The

system of streets here reminds one of a spider's web, and it is no easy job to keep from getting tangled up. Sometimes a street is called a one-way street because it is so narrow that vehicles can go in but one direction as they cannot pass each other. But the narrowest street of all is down by the North Station. It is just wide enough for two pedestrians to pass each other comfortably. High buildings form walls on either side and I had a feeling that I was in some Oriental country where the streets are so narrow. So when you come to Boston I'd advise you to buy a street map the very minute you get here.

Perhaps you do not know that New York, Philadelphia and Boston are the only three cities in the United States that have sub-ways. When I go over to Cambridge, as I frequently do, I take surface, elevated and sub-way cars—all three.

A few Sundays ago my sister, brother and I attended church at the Old North Church where Paul Revere hung the lanterns—"one if by land, two if by sea," you know. This old church is kept in good repair and is the oldest public building in Boston. We were ushered down the middle aisle to a box-like pew. The usher opened the door and shut us in. The sides of the pew came up to the middle of our heads. The minister occupied a pulpit which was very high so that he had to climb a stairway to get into it. A bell-shaped sounding board hung over the head of the preacher, who was dressed in long, black robes. There were balconies on either side of the church with the old pipe organ, built in 1825, in the rear of the balcony.

After the service was over a warden of the church took the visitors all over the church and explained the things of historical interest. Paul Revere's and Gen. Gage's pews were pointed out to us. Major Pitcairn is buried under one of the front pews and some officer in the war was buried under one of the aisles. The first Sunday school in America was held in this church and the names of the scholars are framed and hanging up in one of the Sunday school rooms. The peal of bells in the belfry is the same that rang out when the Stamp Act was passed. The bells are made of pewter and the art of making them has been lost. It is said

that these chimes are the most beautiful in existence and as we got off our car at the church just as the last chimes were ringing for service, we got to hear them.

A few steps from the church is Copp's Hill burying ground, the oldest cemetery in Boston. Some of the graves date in the '60's and several of the stones bear queer epitaphs. I was interested in one which was placed over the grave of a six-months'-old baby.

*"He bore a lingering illness with patience,  
And met the King of Terrors with a smile."*

Perhaps you can imagine a six-months'-old child bearing a "lingering illness with patience" but I confess that I can't. This epitaph is but one sample from many similar ones.

Copp's Hill, where so many now lie buried, is the spot where the British set up their batteries for the siege of Charlestown. The beautiful Charles river flows at the base of the hill while across the river is Charlestown. Several of the burial stones bear marks of bullets made by the British soldiers quartered in the neighborhood during the siege. One stone in particular seems to have been a favorite target for these soldiers. The tomb of the Mathers is in this cemetery near the Charter street gate.

Whenever one visits any of these historical places, there is always a crowd of street urchins around to direct you for a nickel. As we were about to enter the burying ground one of them, a little fellow of six or seven, blocked up the gate and yelled, "Hey, you get in here free." The north-end locality is populated by foreigners with foreign signs in dingy shops and a swarming population of Russians, Armenians, Norwegians, Poles and Italians. The streets were full of men and children, the children playing in the dirty streets and the men visiting together in a perfect jargon of tongues. One can scarcely imagine that the gentry of New England had their fine mansions here beside the many quaint, humbler houses of the early colonial period.

I wish I could tell you something of Salem, Concord, Lexington, New York, Washington and Mount Vernon, which I expect to visit now in a few weeks. I have been waiting for spring to come so I might see these places at their best. I hope I have not taxed your patience too

much with such a long letter of the history of olden times.

Here is hoping that each one of you may have a most enjoyable vacation. With kindest regards to faculty, students and friends, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Bertha M. Russell.

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### ALUMNI EDITOR NEWTONIA

The first year of any enterprise is always a difficult one, of course, and in recalling the early issues of Newtonia the things that come to mind are concerned with the difficulties of beginning. We had a fairly easy time securing advertisements for the first issue, the business men were a very loyal lot, but after that we found it hard to convince them that an ad in the first Newtonia did not complete their duty. Our prices were ridiculously low then, too, but we had to tread softly.

The students, too, had to learn "to get the habit;" there was a marked tendency to quit after each issue. In fact the surplus of thirty dollars turned over to the football fund at the end of the year would not have existed if we had not cheated our subscribers out of the last issue. We hated to do it but they simply would not turn in copy.

It is very pleasing to see how successfully Newtonia has grown past those early troubles. I believe that the paper makes a distinct contribution to the school and gives invaluable experience to its staff. I hope that it will soon call for a further step—systematic work in newspaper and magazine ad writing. There would be much to learn of cultural and practical value in such a course. Would anyone in the high school know how to write a full-page ad for the Register and Leader?

Paul H. Appleby,  
3319 North Adams St.,  
Tacoma, Wash.

---

Pasadena Cal., March 23, 1914.  
Mr. Lawrence Hammerly,

Alumni Editor, "Newtonia,"

R. R. No. 5, Newton, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

Your letter brings a message of progress in the Newton High School. The fact that there is to be published an edition to be known as the "Newtonia" in-

icates a new department, and from my point of view it seems an important one. There is no factor to my mind which plays as strong a part in molding public opinion as the public press, and the movement to interest young folks in a paper, periodical or annual, college or scholastic, fraternal or whatever it may be, is a long step in the right direction. The ability to express one's thoughts, arguments, claims, pleas, or deductions, forcibly and well in print should be developed among those whose ambitions lead them to choose the advanced grades of public schools to fit themselves for superior positions in life's service. They should influence most, the spirit of their times.

We are very likely to catch the step of our elders in following lines of least resistance in things political. This is especially true when it comes to attempting to influence public opinion through the most accessible method. We are in the habit of thinking of newspaper work as something entirely out of our sphere, and that the ranks of newspaper workers are filled with a peculiarly qualified type of persons entirely different from ourselves, who have arrived at their respective positions by the necessary steps from the work of a printer's devil or to the cub reporter, up to the management of the different departments of a great publication. This in the past has been the most common way of making a place in newspaper work. We now find the different publishing houses asking for trained help, for men trained so that they may with comparatively short training step into their different departments, and to supply this ever-increasing demand, many schools have established courses of study in journalism. It is not to be expected that those taking such courses will be graduated as the finished product, full-fledged editors or managers of mechanical rooms, but that they shall be finished or selected material from which good newspaper men may be developed. They accomplish in a comparatively few years' training under competent instruction what might require many years of labor to work out for themselves.

Columbia University has perhaps the most complete departments along this line. Iowa State College, Universities of Illinois, and Wisconsin and some others

have courses of study intended to fit students for correspondents for the agricultural press, and many graduates of those institutions are filling splendid positions with agricultural papers. A great many of our manual training schools include a certain amount of this work. For example, our high school here in Pasadena has a splendid equipment for such training, including type-setting machines, apparatus for making cuts, electrotyping, etc., printing press and all, and with it the students publish all programs necessary for use in the various high school departments, athletic meets, entertainments, menus for their cafeteria, etc., besides a monthly and an annual publication. The whole process is in charge of students and it is the intention to make each production as near perfect as possible. The free-hand work which they produce is very creditable, such as cartoons, edgings, and other page decorations and the quality of the printing when ready for distribution compares favorably with the best job work.

Talent for these publications is not often lacking in high schools. While essays are occasionally used, the articles generally are written especially for each edition, and the responsibility for the presentable and readable character of such publications does a great deal to develop the students chosen to fulfill the duties of managing the different departments.

The high school years cover a period of life in young folks during which they may be making up their minds what to do, and how they are going to do it. Such training, therefore, should be as broad as possible in the comparatively short time allotted, in order that the students may have presented to them as many phases of real life-problems as possible. High school training can at most, give but an insight, a glimpse of the inner workings of any form of life's work. To say that one may be prepared for responsible positions by such training is in the main wrong and misleading, just as it is not correct to suppose the college graduate is just ready to fill a responsible position. They are, as in the case of the journalist graduates mentioned, selected materials. Each is much better qualified to commence to specialize after having the insight which his high school or college



training has afforded, but to rise to the heights of a profession, or assume management of a large industry, or successful business will require oftentimes years of severe application and close study.

The newer courses of study now offered in high school work constitute a great advantage to recent students as compared with the old science and Latin groups which were given us for our choice sixteen years ago. At that time, it certainly was an insight and a rather brief one; more of a passing vision, although the work given us was probably as thorough as that given at the present time. There were fewer students, fewer teachers, and therefore fewer courses of study. Our studies along the lines included in either group, contained only suggestions of the courses that we might have liked to take. So, I consider that many advantages are being yearly added for the high-school students, in allowing them to study straight toward their goal, or if in doubt regarding their ultimate vocations, they have the opportunity of generalizing for a time, and touching elbows with those whose definite tastes lead in different directions; to see others in their work and play (which is the same) and finally derive from them the information and inspiration they need to enable them to select what they believe they could follow satisfactorily and profitably as a life work.

I feel that the Newton High School is to be congratulated upon its progress to

date. I think of the old school occasionally, though not often I confess. In this busy world one is not likely to spend much time in either retrospection or introspection and especially during what are known as the "productive years." But in those moments when my memory is returned to the old school by some chance meeting, or notice of mention, I have a vivid picture of a fine old soldier teacher as superintendent of schools (and boss all the time, let me add) with his little group of co-workers in the high school departments; and then follows a fleeting memory of the grades with now and then a happening of great importance, back to the primary grades. There too remains a distinct memory. Strange how the commencing and closing years of one's school life should be the epochal periods, but it is more and more true the longer one is out of touch with their alma mater.

I wish, in closing this letter which is now much longer than I had intended it to be, to congratulate and encourage if possible the under graduates in Newton High School. I will do so in this brief sentence. I had occasion during the ten years after my graduation in college and teaching work to see more or less of different high schools and their products, and what I saw made me think none the less, but more and more, of Newton High School.

Yours very truly,  
Leslie M. Hurt, '98.



# DOMESTIC SCIENCE





Miss Elizabeth Lamb

## Domestic Science and Art

Newton High may well be proud of her Domestic Science and Art Course. The classes this year have been larger than usual and have been doing credit to the instructor, Miss Lamb. We may say unreservedly that the credit for the success of the course is due to her management. In the four years she has had charge of the work there has been no decrease in interest but rather a steady increase.

The equipment of the rooms has been improved during the year and the course made more attractive. In the work, both in Science and Art, the personal taste is allowed to assert itself to such an extent that the work is made more interesting and profitable.





DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM

## Normal Students



Celia Albee  
Ila Baldwin  
Minnie Gertsma  
Ruth Hall  
Elsie Hammer  
Elsie Laskewitz  
Marie Livingston  
Lillian Nelson  
Frances Raridon  
Emma Smith  
Irene Clark  
Blanche Hertzog  
Zola Lister  
Myrtle Alling

Edith Booton  
Frances Drake  
Vera Dunmire  
Katherine Failor  
Naomi Kelly  
Mabel Longfellow  
Marvel Miller  
Elva Nolin  
Adra Rogers  
Lelia Stewart  
Hazel Spencer  
Nina Wilcox  
Florence Kirk  
Vera Clymer

# MANUAL TRAINING





# The Manual Training Department



MR. E. S. BAIRD

The fourth year for this department closes successfully. Mr. E. S. Baird, of Ames College, was secured as instructor the past year and he has proven a very capable man for the position.

The adoption of the two-period classes has greatly benefited the students, in that it enables one to do about treble the amount of work that formerly required one period. The wearing of white overalls has also been adopted this year.

The study of tools was one of the first lessons. This involved the adjustments, names of different parts, sharpening, edging and caring for tools.

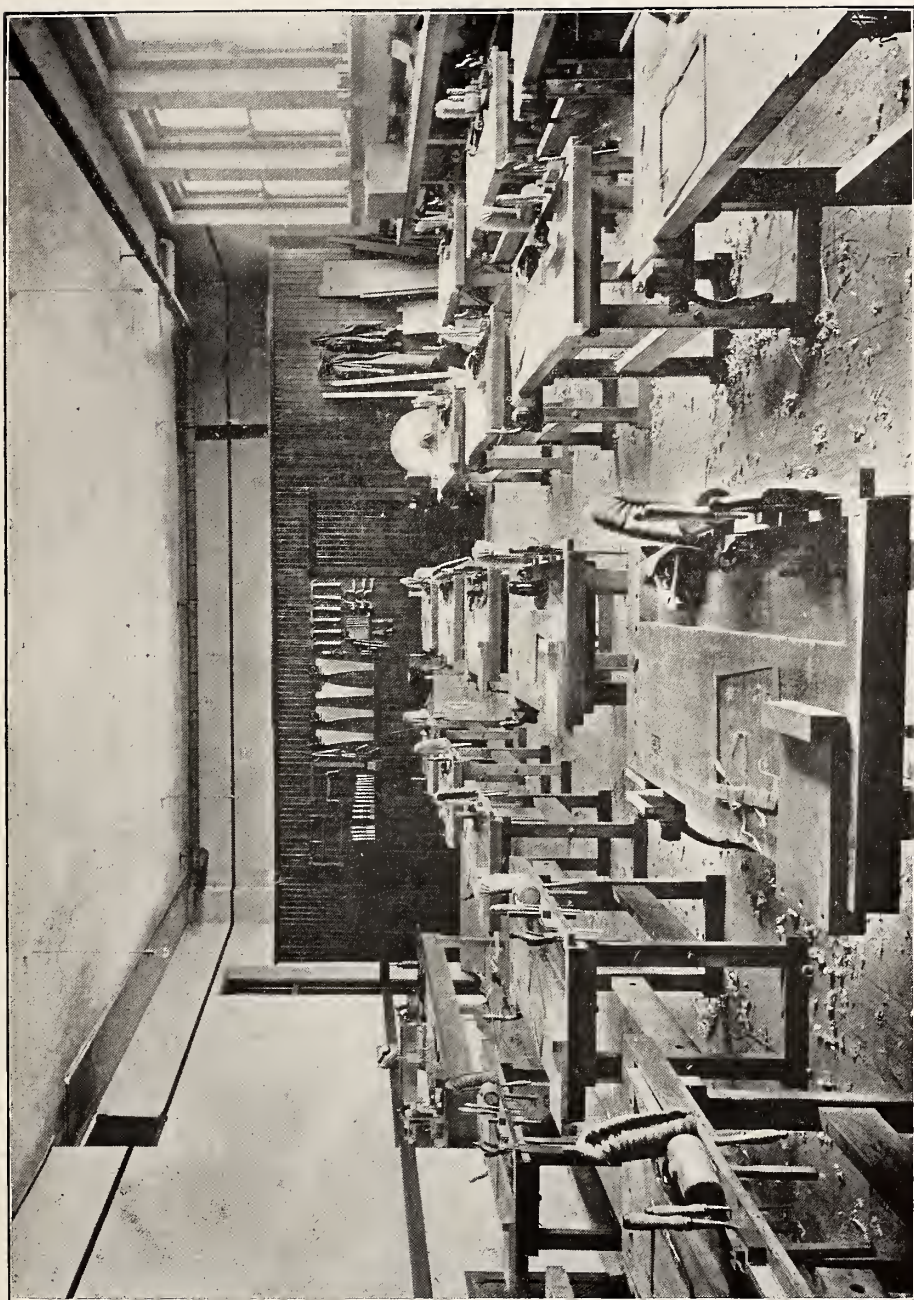
Students have been allowed to make any project they wished, provided the instructors judged them capable for the task. Such things as bookracks, footstools and match boxes were first made to familiarize the student with uses of different tools, and also with the different qualities of woods. Then they were allowed to make larger pieces as library tables, morris chairs, music cabinets and taborets. Likewise, some very handsome drawing tables, paper files and fire screens have been made for the building and are now in practical use.

The mechanical and architectural drawing course was established this year and also a short drawing course in all manual training classes. The students taking these courses have mastered many technical difficulties.

Plans are already under foot for larger and better quarters next year where more and better equipment may be placed.

Authorities are calculating on power saws, planes and surfaces to be placed in the new quarters and we predict that the day is not far distant when the Newton High School manual training department will compare very favorably with those of the large cities.

F. K. '14



MANUAL TRAINING ROOM

# ATHLETICS







N. H. S. FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1913



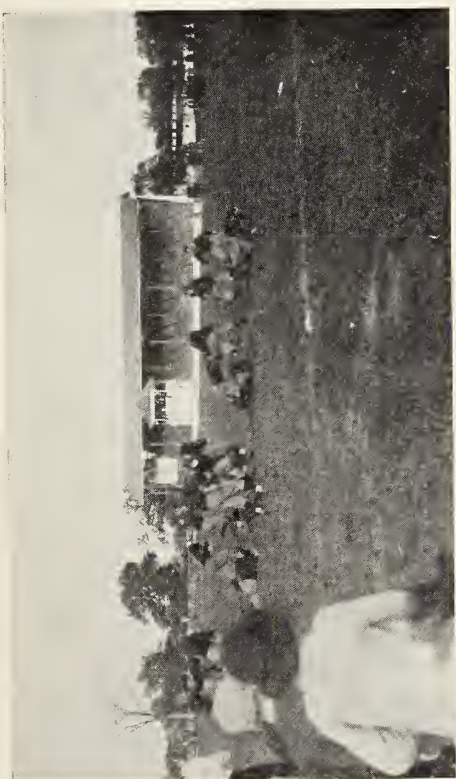
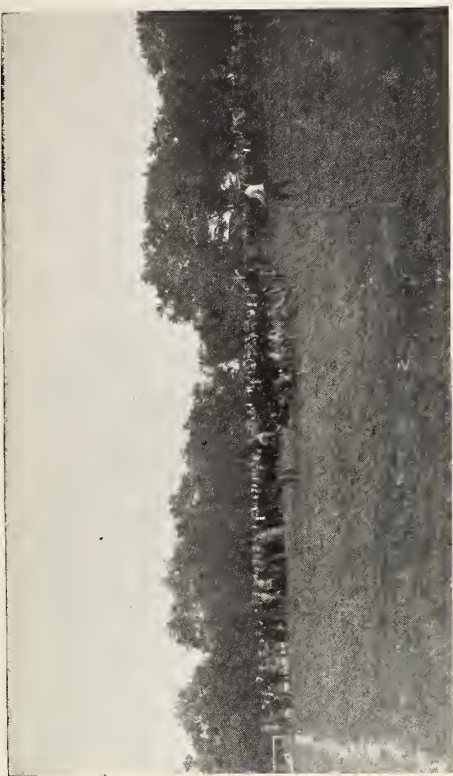
### **"STUDIE"**

Mr. Studebaker has coached the athletics of Newton High through another successful season. Although the outcome of the games were not all victories still "Studie" has been urging our athletes to play a good clean game and he has established that name for N. H. S. among the schools with which she has played.

And more than that he has put out such good teams that Newton is now considered among the leading high schools of the state in athletics.

We are sorry that he will not be back next year, for we know the teams will miss his encouragement. As they go into the games, they will miss hearing. "Now into them," "Tear them up," "Fight them."





1914  
FARM & GARDENS  
SPRING 1914





Rex Sheeler, Captain  
Halfback

"Shi" was looked upon as an all-state man before the season opened but an injury in the first game kept him out for the season.



Harold Fleck, Captain-Elect  
Half and Fullback

"Shorty" was handicapped by sickness most of the season but his stellar work at fullback in the last two games earned him the well-deserved honor as leader for the coming season.



Lee Kinyon, Quarterback

A broken collar bone put "Hungry" out of the game in the middle of the season and his accurate forward passes and open-field running were sadly missed.



Albert Chapman  
Tackle

"Chap" suffered from injuries which at times kept him from playing his best, but he kept up the spirit of fight at all times.



Carroll Roberts  
End

"Curly's" work at East High was enough to win him immortality. Equally good on offense or defense and a punter far above the average.



Wm. Hall  
Tackle

"Willm" played hard, aggressive ball at all times and his work in the Ames game was a delight to all observers.



Glenn Kennedy  
Guard

Playing his first year as a Senior "Swede" was always in the thickest of the fray and neither gave nor asked quarter.



Francis Kelly  
Guard

Kelly played hard, consistent ball at all times and at tackle against East High was a terror.



Howard Witmer  
Guard

"Whit" had to play guard, tackle and fullback and notwithstanding frequent changes played good ball at all times.





Homer Denniston

Quarterback

A natural halfback, "Denny" was forced to play quarter and filled the position creditably. Played through every game from start to finish.



Guy Rinehart

End

"Gorgs" was a star of the first water. Whether at tackling, blocking, plunging the ball or grabbing forward passes, Rhiney was always to be depended upon. Should make a wonderful player.



Roy Guessford

Center

Guessford had scrap to give away and gave it freely. Was accurate in passing and a deadly tackler.



George Kelly  
Tackle, End

"Cupid's" tackling and blocking brought joy to the hearts of the spectators. Repeatedly he broke up plays behind the line and couldn't be beaten for grit.



Glenn Paschal  
Halfback

Paschal's fight soon won him a regular place on the team and no opponent was big enough to cause him to quake or tremble. A clean heady player and gritty all the way through.



Wallie Dennis  
Halfback

What little "Wallie" played he played with a vengeance. Has the making of an excellent man and an accurate kicker.



Boyd Brown  
Guard

"Brownie" filled a big gap in the line and always gave his opponent a battle royal.



Ben Jones  
Quarterback

Though the smallest man on the team, Ben made up in aggressiveness what he lacked in stature. Carried the ball well and was a deadly tackler.



Bayard Duer  
Center

"Pud" was handicapped by too much opposition but when given a chance played good ball. Fast and fearless and should make someone hustle for a job next fall.



# Football Season of 1913

It was with a tinge of bitter disappointment that the football team of 1913 laid away their suits, seven of the fellows having played their last game for "Old N. H. S." At the beginning of the season everything looked favorable for a winning team, although the loss of Raymond, Weeks, Parks, and Woodrow was greatly felt, especially Raymond as he had been a star during his entire four years in school. Weeks had also developed into as good a center as the best, in his last two years of school, making his place extremely hard to fill. The loss of Parks and Woodrow from the backfield gave considerable worry.

Upon Coach Studebaker's first call for candidates about thirty good, husky men turned out, among these were Rinehart, Sears, Kennedy and Guessford all having had some experience playing on the grade and second teams. With the appearance of these men and several others the prospects looked still brighter, as they showed themselves capable of filling the other men's places. The schedule which had been arranged was one of the hardest Newton had ever attempted and most of the hard games were scheduled for the first of the season. But, nevertheless, the men started in with a determination to do their best.

The first game was played with Knoxville and was won by a score of 40 to 0. After the first few minutes of play it was plainly seen that it would be a walk-away for Newton, so all of the men were given a tryout and all of them showed up exceptionally well considering the length of practice they had had. The next game was with Perry, and although Newton won by a 13 to 0 score, it seemed that the team was "hoodooed." Kinyon was out of the game on account of a sore shoulder. Fleck was unable to play on account of sickness and Chapman was kept out on account of a badly bruised shoulder.

Newton met her old rival Grinnell and owing to the crippled condition of the team lost 10 to 0. Fleck and Chapman were both kept out of the game on account of injuries, Kinyon playing almost the entire game with a broken shoulder.

With the team in a still worse condition Newton journeyed to Iowa City October 25th. Although Iowa City expected a complete walk-away they only succeeded in scoring ten points to our naught. Roberts was unable to play in this game on account of a badly wrenched back. Fleck and Kinyon, who were both on the injured list, went into the game and put up as good a fight as could be expected considering their conditions.

On the 31st of October, Newton met East High and was again defeated 10 to 0. Rinehart being sick and not able to play weakened the team a great deal. Kinyon was also kept out of the game on account of a sore shoulder.

The fast Ames aggregation came to Newton on November 8th with their minds set on a 30 to 0 score. But the Newton team went into the game with the determination to fight until the last which is plainly shown by the six to nothing score. The last game of the season was played with North High and, although Newton could not win, she succeeded in holding them to a scoreless tie.

Although Newton lost five of the eight games played, they have no reason for feeling disheartened as a great many reasons might be given for the defeats suffered. Captain Sheeler was out of all the games, except a few minutes of the first game, with a broken shoulder and the loss of such a good player, and more than that the captain was enough to discourage any football squad.

Kinyon and Fleck were out of the game almost the entire season, while Roberts, Rinehart and Chapman were out at times when their loss was most heavily felt. The loss of these men necessitated the playing of new and inexperienced men who put up a good defense but were unable to play a good offensive game.

The squad for next year will be much lighter than this year and for this reason should be faster and more aggressive. Seven of this year's squad will be lost by graduation but with new men coming in from the grades and the material in the second team, Newton should have a winning team next year.

R. L. S.



BASKETBALL TEAM



# BASKETBALL

While reviewing the past season of basketball, we cannot boast that we were always successful, nevertheless we can say it has been one of the finest seasons Newton High has ever experienced. We consider that the visiting and visited teams we played had excellent training and therefore gave us a chance to show, to an advantage, the quality of our team.

We started our victories at home by defeating Colfax with a score of 42 to 13. However, we will give Colfax credit for playing good, clean ball. This game gave the spectators an idea of the ability of our team to shoot baskets.

The next game was played with the Dutch on the local floor. It was very one-sided which the score of 68 to 3 shows. Pella's men were poor at basket shooting and showed very little team work.

Monroe cancelled their only game with Newton for fear of smallpox. A private game was then scheduled with the Iowa Loan and Trust Co. of Des Moines. The Jews at the first of the game surprised us so that they scored six points before we could realize what we were up against. During the second half Newton came back strong and the score stood 46 to 15 in our favor.

The Scarlet and Black played a return game at Pella only to beat the Dutch again by a score of 26 to 5. The Pella team had developed a great deal since our first game with them and consequently it was more difficult for us to score.

Marengo's quintet was easily defeated by Newton's five with a score of 62 to 19.

The first defeat of the season was received from Oskaloosa on our floor. We

were more than surprised at the improvement of "Oskey's" men over last year's playing. The score was very close during the entire game. When the final gun was fired the score stood 26 to 23 in favor of the Maroon and White.

Newton's next victim was Perry. Perry's team work was poor but they were exceptionally good on open shots. Kinyon played the individual star game for Newton.

On the following week we received our second defeat of the season from Grinnell. The game was witnessed by as large a crowd as the Gym. would accommodate. At the first of the game it looked like a dead walk away for Newton but when Grinnell once started shooting baskets it seemed almost impossible to stop them. The final score was 25 to 14 in favor of the visitors.

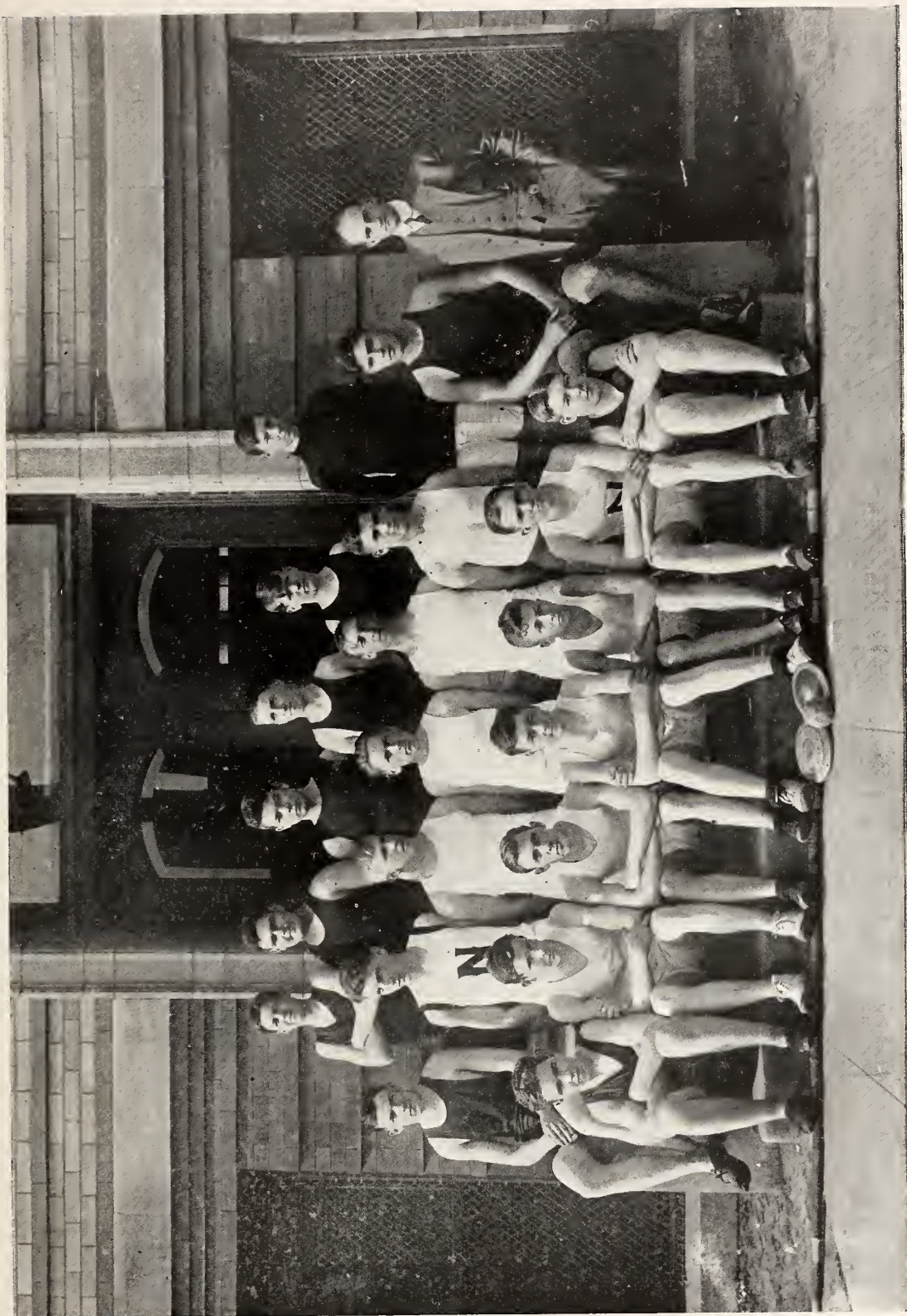
Newton next went to Oskaloosa to get sweet revenge for their defeat at the first of the season. During the first half Newton shot baskets at will, making the score 23 to 7. "Oskey" came back strong in the last half and piled up 20 points to Newton's . This left the final score 27 to 32 in our favor.

Grinnell defeated us again in the return game by a score of 43 to 21. The first half was very close ending 20 to 16 in favor of Grinnell. During the last half Grinnell's guards shot baskets continually. Their team work was good and their basket shooting very accurate.

Five of the team will graduate this year. I think each one of the five feels a pang in his heart to think that he will never get to battle again under the Scarlet and Black.

A. S. C.



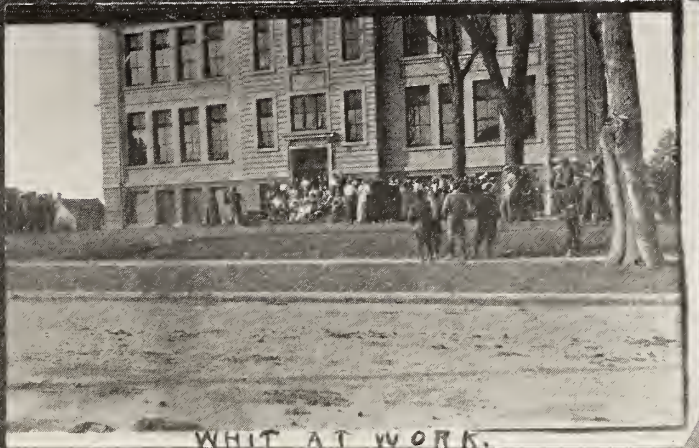


TRACK TEAM, 1913



BASKETBALL GIRLS





WHIT AT WORK.





# JOKES



# The Newtonia Tattler

*Published Annually While School is in Session*

Subscription price, 6 bites (not payable by mosquitoes).

Editor—Louise Morrison.  
Assistant—Janet Loyer  
Reports—Boneheads of N. H. S.

## EDITORIALS

This yere paper ain't fer yer benney fit alone. Pass it on ter yer nayber if he's poorer'n you be, er else by him one. Yer don't hev no monopoly on it.

Lives of editors remind us  
That our lives are not sublime,  
For we have to work like thunder,  
To get Newtonia out on time.

## USEFUL INFORMATION

Eddie Phillips and Marvel Miller have red hair.

Arthur Lusk and Royce Harp sometimes wear colored socks.

Leland Morrison is tall.

Rubber heels are less noisy than iron heel plates.

## REVISED DICTIONARY

A number of definitions which may be of use to a member of N. H. S., faculty or students. Especially recommended for Freshmen.

The definitions have been begged, stolen, borrowed and in some cases, originated.

### A

About—Half an hour later than advertised time. Viz: "The open program will begin about 7:30."

Agony—Adjective, describing the minutes spent in writing tests.

Ambition—What most students lack.

### B

Bluff—An attempt to cover your ignorance with the transparency of superficial knowledge.

Boldness—Unknown to Freshmen.

Boss—A Senior.

### C

Chalk—A white substance invented to be thrown, dropped on the floor and walked on. Cold feet—What a student has who is called to the rostrum Wednesday mornings.

Cicero—The Junior's enemy.

Caesar—The Sophomore's nightmare.

Canned—Kicked out. "A Freshie was canned from a Sophomore meeting."

### D

Desk—A combination seat, pillow, bed, bookcase, waste-paper basket, and common refuge for exchanges.

Due—A word frequently used by English teachers. Viz: "The themes are due."

Diploma—Written statement informing one that their services are no longer needed in N. H. S.

### E

Elliptical—(a-lip-tickle) Osculation.

Exams—An attempt on the part of the teacher to found the amount of ignorance possessed by the student.

Explosion—What happens when we explain why we didn't have our lessons.

Encyclopedia—Articles placed in Library for adornment.

### F

Faculty—A troublesome organization. Interferes with student-body.

Fair—Common English word. Translated: "Write exams."

Flunk—The result when ponies fail.

### G

Girls—An expensive luxury.

Graduation Invitation—A polite request for a hand-out.

Gum—That which frequently lowers deportment grades.

Grades—Secret articles. Generally unknown to most students.

### H

History—A study loved by all.

Hall—Meeting place of the masses.

Hunger—A sensation. Usually occurs in the fourth period in the morning when sweet-smelling odors ascend from the basement.

### I

Impudence—A common trait in the characters of the Sophomores.

If—Reason for not having lessons. Viz: "I would have had my lesson if—."

Ice—Water frozen, slippery side up. Deposited on front walks for amusement of by-standers.

### J

Junk—What each one keeps in his desk.

Junior class dues—Means for acquiring money for charities for Seniors.

Joke—Freshman.

### K

Kiss—Nothing divided by two.

Knee—A movable settee for young ladies. (Especially Juniors.)

### L

Low—Adjective applied to grades.

Latin—Dead language with few followers.

## M

Mark—In Germany 20 cents. In America Twain.  
Miracle—Unexpected vacation.  
Memory—That which fails us when translating Latin.

## N

Nothing—What we learn.  
Noise—That which is produced by the heels of Zella R.  
Note book—Common enemy of all students.

## O

Oration—The Senior's masterpiece.  
Office—Place dreaded by all.  
Overwork—Not known to students.

## P

Pet—That which teachers of N. H. S. never have.

## Q

Quarter—Admission to basketball games.  
Questioners—Synonym for teachers.

## R

Recitation—Telling the teacher what we don't know.  
Rooster—Rural pupils' alarm clock.  
Rules—Something possessed by all schools but never known to students.

## S

St. Patrick's Day—Time of the year when many people show their true color.

## T

Test—Something detested by all.

## U

Unfilled.

## V

Ventilation—System for amusement of Physic students.

## W

Worry—The state of mind which makes students fear that because school stopped Friday it will not begin Monday.

## NEWS ITEMS

Among the latest announcements regarding the Loyer question our war correspondent Malcolm Price, has telegraphed us that the situation is becoming serious. Unless stringent measures are taken at once the Tattler will be forced to recall her correspondent since life and happiness must be considered before law.

We are very sad to learn that "Bud" Witmer has Hay(s) fever. Little hope is entertained for his recovery.

Mr. Clarence Broadston has left for the South. His many friends felt that he needed a rest as he has lately been afflicted by a terrible case of sleeping sickness. More exercise and fewer Knapp(s) will better his condition, but beside this there is little hope of his recovery as he has gone to Georgia.

Mr. Lawrence Hammerly has taken for his life work that of a Miller. He states that his new discovery, which was made public some years ago, is a "Marvel."

Mr. Ralph Lusk left last evening for the "Metz Veterinary Hospital." In a few days he will undergo a serious operation for enlargement of the brain. His many friends of N. H. S. are hoping for his speedy recovery.

At a council meeting last evening a very important subject was introduced by Mayor Sheeler, proposing that a street car line be put on Green Castle avenue. The council took a vote but the subject still remains unsettled. Other events of less importance were brought up; after which the meeting adjourned.

Miss Katherine Davis has received a position in one of the leading orchestras. She will be the accompanist for "The Harp."

## 'ADS'

WANTED—AT ONCE—

Two young men to move the piano in the assembly room with a cheerful disposition.—Miss Miles.

FOR SALE—

A wheelbarrow and a shovel to carry cinders, by a boy no longer needed.—Howard Witmer.

WANTED AT ONCE—

An engagement for a Freshman girl on the installment plan.—Leo O'Roake.

JUST RECEIVED—

A fine lot of rubber heels for girls instead of iron plates.—Zella Rayl.

RECENTLY RECEIVED—

A large lot of track suits; persons purchasing same will be of all colors.—Athletic Association.

WANTED—

Someone with good digestion to eat the Domestic Science girls' ——— cooking.

FOR SALE—

A new lot of patent medicines for the Freshmen among which is Mrs. W's famous syrup. 25c a bottle. Recommended for reducing size of head and a too-green visage.—Miss Hall.

TO LET—

One empty dome.—"Curly" R.

WANTED—

A little "pep."—N. H. S.

WANTED—

Some gumption.—"Hymo" S.

WANTED—

A stand-in with Mable Green.—Merril K—.

WANTED—

A position as chef. I am greatly skilled in the cookery and can even boil water without burning it.—William P.

WANTED—

A pony for use in the Caesar class. I am in great need of one and will pay any price.—Hugh B.





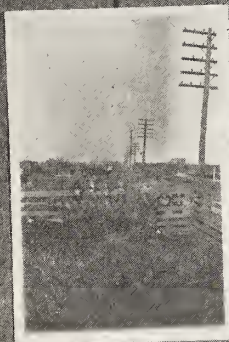
A Good Looking Family



OLD SCROOGE



A FAST RIDE



POST NO BILLS



Spring Track Work



## SCHOOL DIRECTORY

### Famous Institutions in N. H. S.

Room 2. Principal Room.  
L. Hall  
Office Room (1) Chamber of Torture.  
H. P. Smith, Proprietor  
Room 8. Death Chamber.  
Gate Keeper, V. Beard  
Room 4. Laughing Parlor.  
Chief Leader, C. Broderick  
Room 3. Purgatory of Music.  
C. Miles, Instructor  
Room 7. Distillery of Perfumes.  
Z. Frazier, Manager  
Room 10. Historical Library.  
B. Shipley, Librarian  
Room 16. Room for Scientific Research.  
A. Western, Guide  
Room 18. Meeting place for Thimble Bees.  
E. Lamb, Hive Keeper  
Assembly Hall. Memorable Battle Ground.  
Students vs. Deportment

## CONSTITUTION OF N. H. S.

### ARTICLE I. Section 16-20.

Faculty.

Refer to Seed Catalogue.

### ARTICLE II. Section 19-17.

Freshmen.

See Cabbages Vol. I. Encyclopedia Britanica.

### ARTICLE III. Section 19-16.

Sophomores.

Remember you have only lost one shade of green.

### ARTICLE IV. Section 19-15.

Juniors.

It is the duty of this class to be prepared for every emergency.

### ARTICLE V. Section 19-14.

Seniors.

Do not consider yourselves too big headed; you have only entered the walks of life.

## CANDIDATES' ANNOUNCEMENTS

I hereby announce my candidacy to the office of chief knocker in N. H. S. on the Pessimistic ticket. Subject to the May primaries.  
Lee Kinyon.

I hereby announce my candidacy to the office of chief escort for B. Chase, subject to May, June, July and August primaries.  
Leo O'Roake.

I hereby announce my candidacy to the office of chief wireless operator, subject to September primaries.  
Eddie Phillipps.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of keeper of the overworked students.  
Mr. Browning.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of official argumentator in Geometry class subject to the May primaries.  
Glenwood Jackson.

## VAUDEVILLE BILL

### COMING!!

"Mutt and Jeff"

Leading parts played by  
B. Maytag and D. Preston

Continuous Performance  
of

"Midnight Maidens"

All Star Cast

Georgia Knapp	Maude French
Mille Coxé	Katherine Davis
Zoa Skinner	Janet Loyer
Helen Bergman	Gladys Neel

Katherine Davis

In her latest role

"Elevating a Husband"

.50

.75

\$1.00

Mildred Raymond

Starring in

"One Wife and Two Husbands"

This show has been running since Xmas and is still popular

The First Season  
of

"The Divorce Question"  
with

Jean Sellman and "Bob" Pickens  
in the leading parts

Don't Miss It!!

Hazel Wagley  
in

"Lovey Mary"

Shows continually

Come! Come!

"Heart Breakers"

All star cast  
including

Arthur Shepherd and Carl Van Steenberg

"Freckles"

Louise Turniss  
and

Glen McVay  
Very interesting

"Poor Little Rich Girl"

Title Role taken by Geraldine Shankland  
Terrific!!!

Tragedy!!!

"The Midnight Suns"

Clarence Broadston	Milton Burnell
Guy Rinehart	Royce Harp
Murray Bair	Malcolm Price
Bayard Düer	George Kelley





**"Romeo and Juliet"**

Featuring two well-known actors in their first appearance together.

Ernest Jones and Maurine Baldwin  
Sunday Night Stand Only

**"The Wizard of Wiseland"**

New Play  
Roy Baty—Starring

**"Love's Labor Lost"**

Starring  
Irene Jasper and Hiram Sloanaker

**"The Shepherd of the Hills"**

Lawrence Hammerly—Leading Man  
Marvel Miller—Leading Lady

If you wish any of the following periodicals see—

"The Saturday Evening Post"—Ralph Bergman  
"Adventure"—Clifford Lavender  
"Snag Toothed Harry and His Gang"—Arthur Lusk  
"The Country Gentleman"—Ralph Gardner  
"The Cosmopolitan"—Willis Miner  
"The Delineator"—Gladys Neel  
"Current Events"—Myrtle Alling  
"The Automobile"—Harry Greenlief  
"Everybody's"—Zella Rayl  
"Current Opinion"—Maude French  
"Scientific American"—Carl Van Steenberg  
"Puck"—Ralph Lusk  
"Life"—Hugh Byers  
"The Literary Digest"—Hazel Wagley  
"The Des Moines News"—Homer Denniston  
"Boy Life"—Roy Baty  
"The Cavalier"—Lowell Leake  
"Hair Dressing"—Vera Mateer  
"Popular Mechanics"—Howard Witmer  
"Popular"—Dick Kennedy  
"Poultry Journal"—Robert Woodrow  
"Modern Priscilla"—Vera Ellis  
"Cicero" (Annually)—Harold Fleck  
"Good Housekeeping"—Mildred Raymond  
"The American Boy"—William Hale  
"Ladies' Home Journal"—Vera Hatfield

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS**

Anyone wishing to know anything about anything may write to Madame Thinkshenosital, who will be pleased to answer. Enclose an addressed, self-stamped envelope if wishing quick reply.

**Letters**

Madame Thinkshenosital,  
Care Newtonia Tattler,  
Newton High School.

Dear Madame: I am a handsome young man of seventeen with lovely black hair and blue eyes. I have become an ideal of the girls on account of my beauty and football record. Please advise me how I can escape their attentions.

Distressed  
"Shorty" Fleck.

**Dear "Shorty"**

Self-conceit is a wonderful thing. Come back to earth.  
Madame T.

**Dear Madame:**

I have watched with great interest your column in the Newtonia Tattler and I feel sure you can help me. I have lost my '14 class pin, and I am afraid I will never get it back. One evening when I called on a young lady she asked me for my pin. She said, "I have had a '13 pin and a '15 pin and would like to wear your class pin." So I gave it to her. She has not returned the pin and that was over two months ago. What shall I do?

Anxious,  
Rex Sheeler.

**Mr. Sheeler:**

It would be thoughtless of you to ask the girl for the pin. No doubt she is getting a collection.  
Madame T.

**Dear Madame:**

Should I move any faster than is necessary?  
Poky One  
Glenn Kennedy.

**Mr. Kennedy:**

Only in case of a fire or tornado. Otherwise do not exert yourself.  
Madame.

Madame Thinkshenosital,  
Care Newtonia Tattler,  
Newton High School.

**Dear Madame:**

Is there any conceivable manner in which I may possibly assimilate a greater quantity of knowledge.  
Respectively yours,  
Ralph G. Lusk.

**Mr. Ralph G. Lusk.**

Dear Sir: You have no doubt finished Webster's dictionary. I suggest that you study simplified spelling.  
Madame.

The following clubs will meet this week:  
Bachelor's Club. Sunday Night.

Password—"Got a date."  
Emblem—Diamond.  
Song—"No Wedding Bells for Me."

**Members**

Clarence Griebeling  
Royce Harp  
George Kelley  
Ernest Jones  
Clarence Broadston  
Hiram Sloanaker  
Carroll Roberts

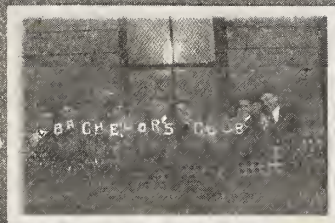
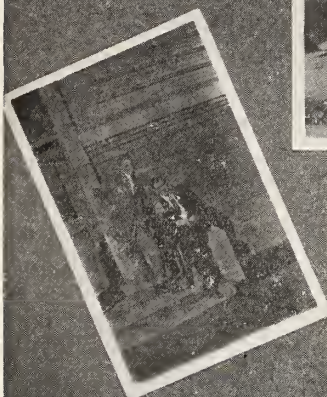
German and Holland Club. Thursday, P. M.

Password—"Beat It."  
Emblem—Dictionary.  
Song—"Wir sind wie Blumen."

**Members**

Henry Iske  
Arthur Deutsch  
Gertrude Bergman  
Gabrielle Griebeling  
Bertha Johnson  
Carl Van Steenberg  
Rudolph Van Wyngarden







Latin Quarter. Wednesday A. M.

Password—"Prepareare."

Emblem—"Ponie."

Song—"What do you mean, you've lost your team?"

Members

Harold Fleck  
Grace Doane  
Glenn Kennedy  
Irene Ritter

Domestic Science Club. Tuesday P. M.

Password—"Don't scorch the water."

Emblem—"Doughnut."

Song—"Dishpan Rag."

Members

Marguerite Carl  
Myrtle Keener  
Irene Clark  
Zola Lister  
Marvel Miller

Maiden Ladies' Club. Sunday P. M.

Password—"I want a man."

Emblem—"Bachelor's Button."

Song—"Last Rose of Summer."

Members

Florence Orns  
Alice Whittaker  
Doris Preston  
Nina Ashley  
Ruth McLaughlin

Faculty Club. Daily

Password—"To mark off or not to mark off.  
That is the question."

Emblem—Grade Book.

Song—"Scuse Me Teacher."

Members

Mr. Studebaker  
Mr. Baird  
Miss Beard  
Miss Hall  
Miss Furniss  
Miss Campbell  
Miss Broderick  
Miss McKee  
Mr. Smith  
Miss Frazier  
Mr. Browning  
Miss O'Mealey  
Miss Killduff  
Miss Western  
Miss Lamb  
Miss Shipley  
Miss Miles

POEMS

Obituary of a Freshman

A Freshman started down the street,

His colors waving high—

A Sophomore heard the tramp of feet,

Then did the Freshie spy.

The Freshman's step was fast and quick

As he hurried on his way,

But the Sophomore found a nice large brick.

\* \* \* \*

They buried him today.

"Willie" Shakes

There was a young maiden named Chase,  
Who had a most beautiful face,

She loved a young boy,

Whose last name was Joy,

He frequently called at her place.

"Willie"

A PARABLE

And it came to pass that there was a certain person named "Nibs."

And, on April first, his sense of humor smote him, therefore he decided to play a joke upon his aunt.

And he rose up early in the morn and did call her; provoking that fair lady to anger.

And she vowed to repay him, therefore she called together her friends and they did counsel long upon the subject under discussion.

And it came to pass that one of the company devised a plan which was most heartily accepted; and she did call up "Nibs" saying:

"Lo, my fair niece of Marshalltown be coming to Newton, wherefore can I find someone to meet her? She be coming on the evening train and I will be busy entertaining some guests."

And "Nibs" recalled the fair one and rejoiced with exceedingly great joy.

And he said: "Fear not, for I will go to the station to meet her."

And he did ask a friend to accompany him.

And they did plan a grand reception, and, lo, they did clothe themselves in fine raiment; and their iron steed likewise did they cleanse for the occasion.

And it came to pass that a great vanity overpowered "Nibs;" and therefore, he did borrow a friend's diamond ring to wear.

And they again started on their journey, and after many breathless seconds and excitable minutes, they did arrive at their journey's end.

And it came to pass that a great steam monster did arrive from the East; but, alas, it brought no tidings of great joy.

And downcast and sore in heart "Nibs" and Harold returned to the home of "Nibs'" aunt.

And "Nibs" walked before the vast assembly of women and he answered their inquiries saying:

"Lo, we be down to the station, and the great monster arrived from the East, but, alas; it brought no tidings of great joy."

And the feeling of revenge smote his aunt, and she exclaimed in a loud voice: "April Fool."

And, bewildered, "Nibs" stood before that vast assembly and did unwillingly take the return for the evil he had done his aunt Selah!

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."

"In spite of all the learned have said,  
I still my own opinion keep."

Glennwood J.

"He sings like one immortal."

Roy B.

"His face was that of doubtful kind,  
That wins the eye, but not the mind."

Clarence G.



"Oh! greatness thou art but a flattering dream!"  
Bayard D.

"He wears upon his tawny face,  
A sad, defiant look of pain."  
Charles M.

"He handles truth in a careless manner."  
Harold F.

"How my achievements mock me!  
I will go meet them."  
Arthur L.

"Better be a sinner than a cast-iron monkey  
or a plaster paris fool."  
Wallie D.

"Days of absence, I am weary,  
He I love is miles away."  
Katherine D.

"They who from study flee,  
Live long and merrily."  
Ralph B.

"I quote no one but myself;  
More authority, dear people, name more."  
Ralph L.

"Do not put it to me to say,  
For I am nothing if not critical."  
Dale J.

"So many bright eyes around me, boys,  
It's hard to choose, it's hard to choose."  
Riley C.

"I attend to the business of other people, having  
lost my own."  
Royce H.

"He hath a lean and hungry look."  
Lee K.

### WEDNESDAY A. M.

The N. H. S. students started to school,  
Looking a bit forlorn.  
They knew they could not act the fool,  
For it was music morn.

Miss Hall sat on the high rostrum,  
Thinking of deportment grades,  
Miss Miles stamped her feet and frowned,  
While the singing slowly fades.

Up spake Miss Hall in thunderous tone,  
Down went the marks sublime,  
Several students were heard to moan,  
For they knew their time had come.

But since that awful fateful day,  
A change has come o'er the crowd,  
And no matter how bad they feel,  
They'll sing out clear and loud.  
"Boot"

### L'ALLEGRO REVISED

Dedicated to all German Students

Hence, divinest German lessons,  
Of Becker and learned Rhodes born.  
In German text-books forlorn,  
'Midst vocabularies, syntax and derivation;  
Find out some musty brain,  
Where foolish wisdom's worthless whims are  
found,  
In learned realms profound,

'Mongst tiresome lessons of conjugations,  
And ever there remain.  
Miss Hall, herself is a favorite with thee,  
Therefore should I become thy devotee?  
But come four o'clock sublime,  
Yclept the hour of closing time,  
Then homeward I'll retreat  
To study and to rest my weary feet.  
And there 'mongst old and dusty books,  
Straighten out some troublesome German  
crook.

(Apologies to Milton)

### OUR TRACK TEAM

They throw the discus so far that it looks  
like a button on the horizon.

They jump so high that one boy even kicked  
a point off a star.

They vault so high that they have put one  
eye out of the moon.

Broad jump so far that the state has been  
equipped with bang-boards to keep our boys  
at home.

They run so fast that "Studie" has equipped  
the speed men with emergency brakes for fear  
they will step on their own heels while going  
around the half-mile track.

The distance runners run so far that it was  
necessary for them to run in circles so they  
would be sure to return.

They put the shot so far that it was nec-  
essary to attach a small bell to the missile so it  
could be found.

### WARNING TO SENIORS

Rock-a-bye, Seniors,  
On deportment marks,  
As long as you're good  
Your cradle will rock;  
But if you begin playing,  
The cradle will fall,  
And down will come  
Deportment, diploma and all.

### DEDICATED TO RALPH LUSK

If I knew more,  
Wouldn't I do more?  
If I only did more,  
Wouldn't I show off more?  
Wouldn't my head swell more?  
If my head swelled more,  
What would become of me?

### JESTS AND JOKES

Mae E (to a Sophomore): "What colors did  
you fellows have last year?"

Soph.: "Why the ones we have now."

Mae E: "Oh, I thought you changed them  
every year."

Esther Long: "Oh, what a noise?"

Miss W (coming out of Physics room): Oh,  
that's the band."

Miss B (Eng. II A): "What is a wig?"

Wm. P: "A wig is false hair that you wear  
on top of your head."

Ruth L: "When I go away to college, I'll  
change my name entirely."

What?!

As the crowd was coming from "Snow White," Art Lusk stood at the side of the walk and forlornly said: "Oh, piffle, I'm never coming up here again unless I have two tickets."

### NOTYS!

I am now reddey two reseve wireless mes-sidges from al parts of the world also the planuts Myars and Catern.

Newton Humbug Wireless Co.  
Willard Rayburn, Manager.

Miss C (Eng. I A): "I like good criticisms as well as bad ones—I like compliments."

I should worry,  
I should fret;  
And get called down,  
Yes, you bet.

Helen M (Eng. II A. Giving a talk on "Diaz" in the Mexican revolution): "One incident that proves that he was mean when a boy is that he filled his brother's nose full of powder and blew it off."

Miss F (in English I B): "They cut their eyes off."

Hugh B (Rhet. A): "His face remains still while he talks."

Rodney Thompson passing a crowd of boys as he was leaving the barber shop: "Gee, I wish I hadn't got my hair cut so early in the season."

Clarence G (Zoology): "Is here anything you can do so you can dream about what you want to."

Miss Killduff: "I always remembered it that way and I should think that other children would too."

If Francis were Raridon would Studebaker?

Miss H: "Now, suppose you had half a dozen mouses here."

Miss B: "Emma, what is a curtain lecture?"

E: "Why, I suppose it is a lecture without a scene."

Herbert G (in Amer. Lit.): "I thought that a spectre was a real thin person."

Gladys N: "That's a spinster."

Dale J (trans. Ger.): "And he tied his hounds around the neck of a beautiful ribbon."

Miss Miles (in music): "We'll have that introduction again without the feet."

Miss Western: "Glenn, can you define perpetual motion?"

Glenn J: "It is something that is coming and going at the same time."

Vern Jones: "Ouch! I am a ruined man."

Kathryn Failor (getting off his foot): "Well you brought your feet in, and I had to step some place."

Hugh B: "You can't stop a man running on land when he's on running water."

Miss B (Eng. II A. To Guy R. and Hazel W.): "Now children, you must not look out of the window."

Bright Freshie (Eng.): "It was a bright autumnal day in June."

Miss B: "Carrol can you tell us a very poetical way in which to see stars in the day time?"

Carrol Roberts: "About the only way I can think of is to bump your head on a sharp corner."

## D. J. EBERHART

ILLINOIS  
KENTUCKY  
CENTERVILLE  
COLFAX  
SCRANTON HARD



Phones 49 and 64



**"Our Best Advertisements  
are Not Written;**

**Our Customers Wear Them"**

Too many times the suit well portrayed  
in a clever advertisement falls down  
on the back and front of the wearer.

**Our** clothes attire a man in good taste  
and style, serve him week in and week  
out and still hold their shape and style  
to the end of the season. We welcome  
a comparison of values at any time.

The excellent new spring and summer styles  
are here, ranging from \$15, \$18, \$20  
and up to \$30 the suit

**C.W. Bock & Co.**  
**CLOTHIERS**  
NEWTON, IOWA.



©





Buy Your Diamonds  
*NOW!*

We can save you 10% on your investment

A. J. Decker & Company  
Jewelers

When Old Sol Makes  
Things Sizzle

You will want a cool, refreshing drink,  
an Ice Cream Sundæ or Soda.

**REMEMBER**

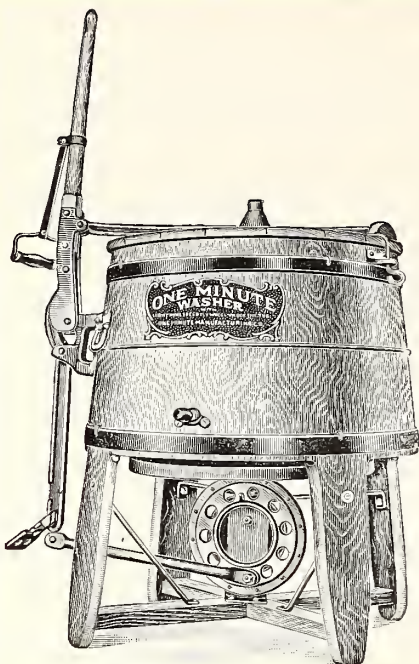
We can supply your wants at our Fountain!

Roswell's Corner Candy Store



**BUREAU OF ENGRAVING INC.**  
ENGRAVERS .... ARTISTS .... ELECTROTYPERS.  
**MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.**





## GIRLS

You are through with your school troubles and worries and your other troubles are about to begin when Mother asks you to help do the family wash. It is fine exercise; it is also hard work—if you are obliged to preside over a washboard.

If you have a **ONE MINUTE WASHER** to use you would find that washday would be turned into a holiday.

## BOYS

Washboards are a relic of barbarism. Some day you will get married—if you are lucky—and if you ask that sweet girl to break her back over a washboard, she would do the proper thing by telling you to do your own washing. Avoid trouble and buy her a **ONE MINUTE WASHER**.

One Minute Manufacturing Co.,  
NEWTON, IOWA

GO TO

## Frank Baldwin's

For Diamond Edge Tools  
of all kinds

Diamond Edge Cutlery and  
Specialties

Every Piece Guaranteed

**Phone 23**

**Say  
What**

**That's What  
What's What**

**That's what they all say  
What do they all say  
That**

**TOWNSEND'S** Store is one of the nicest and best arranged Confectionery and Ice Cream Parlors in the State. Have you made the store a visit since it has been remodeled? If not, it would pay you to stop in, just to get a glimpse of the inviting looking parlor—scenery that almost cools you off to look at, and see the display of home-made candies. We need say nothing about our own make of Ice Cream. Quality tells you enough.



# Spalding Athletic Goods

Lead the world over. Sold direct  
from factory to consumer through  
the retailer.

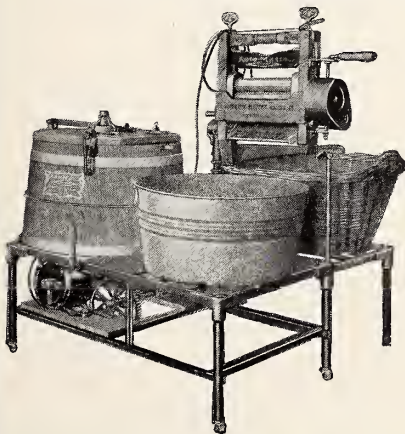
**Spalding Base Ball  
Lawn Tennis**

and other athletic goods at

## COX & SELLMAN'S

## The AUTOMATIC Bench Washer

Here is the machine that solves every washday worry. It embodies every possible convenience for the operator and does such satisfactory work that it brings supreme pleasure to the household.



The wringer swings to any desired position, operates in either direction, may be fed from either side, is easily and instantly controlled by the operator, has the new safety release, extra length coil springs which allow the lightest as well as the heaviest articles to be wrung without changing the tension. The bench is firm and strong, the side table is easily and quickly detachable, the tub has a bottom outlet so that it may be drained without tilting and the entire machine is high-class in every particular.

Made in both Power and Electric types.

A machine to suit every home.

**Automatic Electric Washer Co., Inc., - Newton, Iowa**

# **TEN REASONS**

**for**

## **Choosing Monmouth College**

- 1. Equipment:** Monmouth's buildings are all new, commodious and perfectly adapted to college work. You will enjoy them. They will enable you to do your work under most favorable conditions. Nine buildings in all make up the college plant.
- 2. Courses:** No matter what you are looking forward to you will find in Monmouth's Group System something to fit your case. Your degree from Monmouth will be honored everywhere.
- 3. Faculty:** Monmouth's work is recognized not only because she offers strong courses, but because she has strong and efficient men and women—27 of them—to teach these courses.
- 4. Atmosphere:** Monmouth is a College and puts the emphasis on strictly college work. The large proportion of her students are college students. You will find a distinct advantage in this.
- 5. Literary Societies:** There are four of these in Monmouth, two for young men and two for young women. These are strong organizations. Each has its own hall splendidly furnished. Through these societies inter-society and inter-collegiate contests of all kinds are carried on.
- 6. Social Life:** You will come into contact with picked young people from the best homes from New York to California. You will make life-long friendships.
- 7. Music:** Monmouth College Conservatory ranks with the best. It will give you the opportunity of musical study in connection with your college work. It will give you the opportunity of hearing the best concerts and recitals.
- 8. Athletics:** This is the spice of college life. Too much spoils things; just enough gives a delicious flavor. You will find it "just about right" in Monmouth.
- 9. Alumni:** When you get into the Monmouth life you will find you have become one of a splendid company. They number nearly 1600 and are filling many places of honor and responsibility in the world-life.
- 10. The Omnibus Reason:** You can get there. Look up the location. When you get there you will be glad you are there. Learn about the town. When you are there you will be glad to finish there. When you have finished you will be glad you were there.

THEREfore

*Send for Catalogues to*

**President T. H. McMichael,  
Monmouth, Ill.**

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Goods is where they have  
them in stock!*

## **Strongheart Canned Goods**

Are the best that can be bought!

## **R & G Corsets**

Are good so we are told by many

## **Black Cat Hosiery**

Has no equal. Try them. Mens  
and Ladies in silk, all colors

**E. E. DUER**

**Phones 61-511**

*Lory E. Johnston*  
**HARDWARE**





If you can  
find better

**Shoes**

than ours,  
we not  
only expect  
you to buy  
them, but  
urge you  
to do so.



**Horn  
Bros.**



# Lyric

THEATRE

Our ambition is to show nothing but the very best motion pictures. A portion of your patronage respectfully solicited. F. P. LEMEN, Manager

## **YOUNG PEOPLE**

after graduation contemplate entering  
*College or Business or Some Profession*

**Connection with a Strong Bank**

is always beneficial

**Jasper County Savings Bank**

**Largest Bank in Jasper County**

## ***Vacation Time is Here***

Are you going away? If so,  
you will want your wardrobe  
fresh and clean.

Or perhaps you men will need  
something new.

In either case you should by  
all means see

### **Jud's Cleaning Parlor**

about your needs.

**Phone 197**

**218 N. First St.**

***We Can Supply Every Want in the Drug Line***  
***We Either Have It, Will Get It---Or It Isn't Made***

Call Us Up, Phone 66  
Prompt Free Delivery

A Complete Line of Drugs and Druggists Sundries  
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

### ***McBride's Corner Drug Store***



*E. C. Ogg*  
*Law and Loan Office*

*North Side Square*  
*Newton, Iowa*

*CLARKSON BROS.*

Up-to-date Tailors  
and Dry Cleaners

TRY US

Phone No. 219

A Lot For YOU in

**"Lincoln Place"**

FRANK E HILL, Manager

V. H. MORGAN

H. C. KORF

**MORGAN & KORF**  
**ATTORNEYS**

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.

NEWTON, IOWA

**DR. B. A. MILLER**

**Dentist**

Office on South Side of Square, over  
Larimer & Clark's Shoe Store

**ERNEST L. EARLY**

**L. D. REID**

**REAL ESTATE AND  
INSURANCE**

**PHONE 28**

**Shorty Suman's**

**BARBER SHOP**

For First-class Barber Work  
*Shine and Bath*

**2d Door West of National Bank**

**W. R. COOPER**

**Attorney-at-Law**

**Ramer Block**

**NEWTON, IOWA**

# *The Churchill*

HARRY P. WHITLOCK, Proprietor

NEWTON, IOWA

## *The Maytag Electric and Power Washers*

**Guaranteed for Three Years**

The "Maytag" is Made with a Swinging Wringer



30 Days Free Trial

This remarkable invention enables the housewife to wash and wring clothes without trouble, annoyance or danger of ruining the clothes.

Other machines may claim to do this—but it can't be done on the ordinary machines except by holding the clothes above the oily mechanism on top of the tub, thus soiling the clothes or having them torn to pieces.

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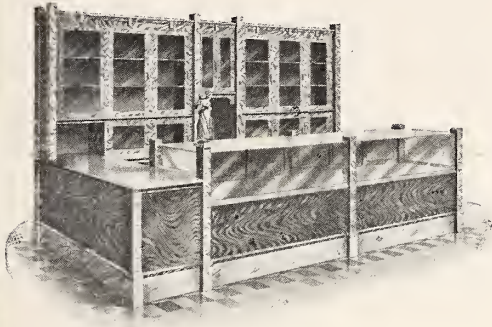
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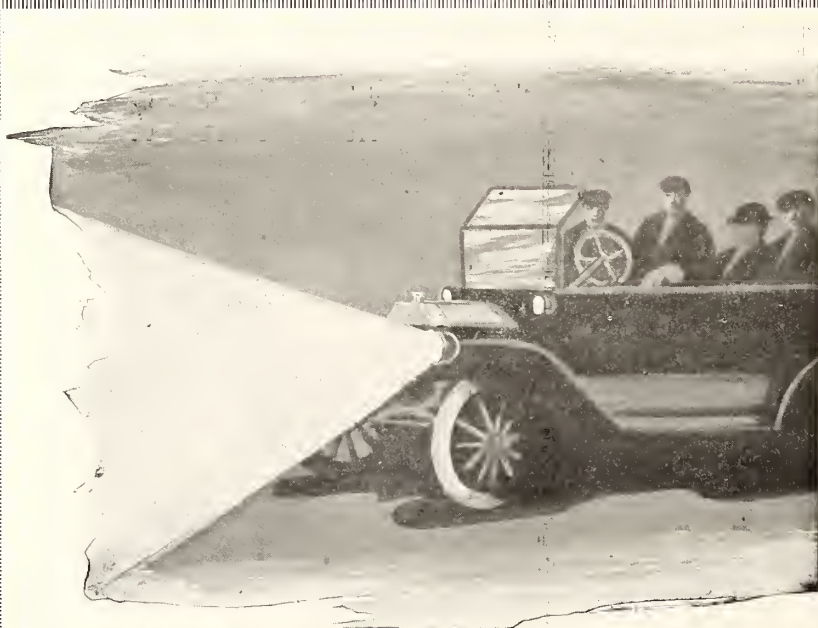
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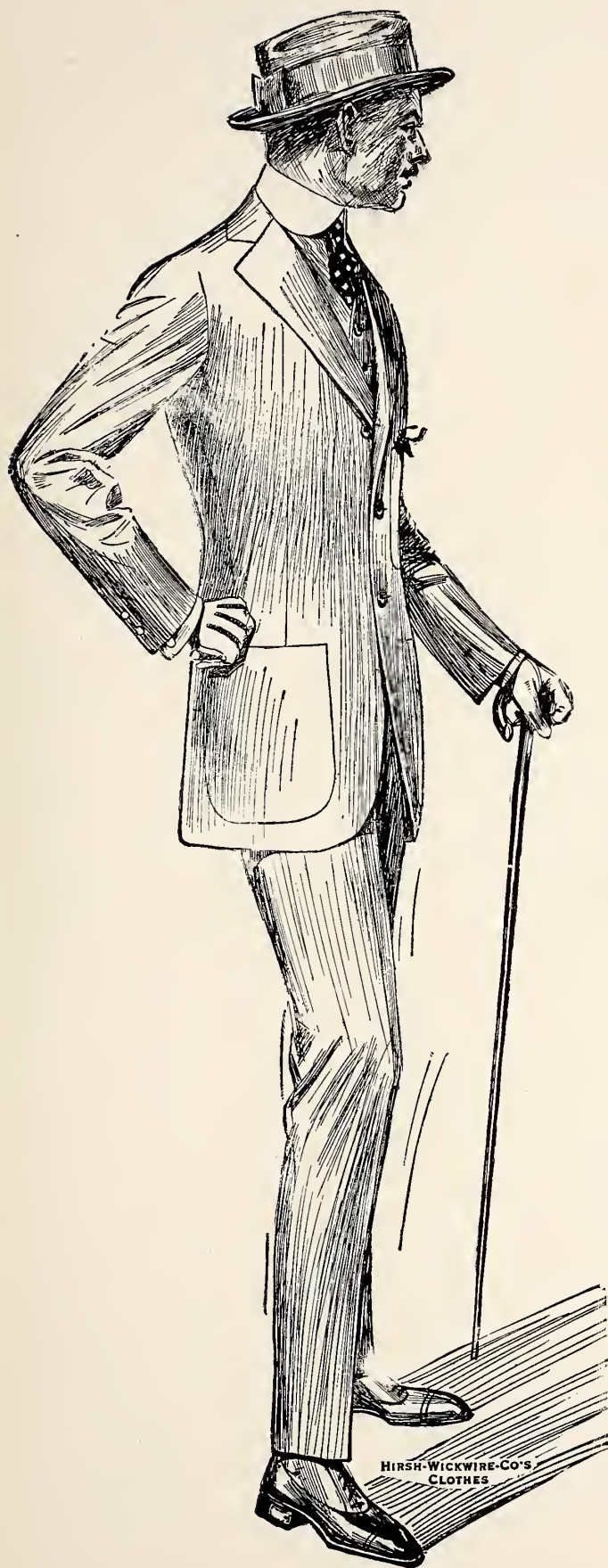
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